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THERE is widespread effort in behalf of the railroads to show that the advance in rates will not materially increase prices. Statisticians of the Southern Railway, for instance, point out that not more than one and two-thirds cents a pair will be added to the cost of shipping shoes from Boston to Atlanta, and less than a sixth of a cent to the freight charges on a pound of sugar from New Orleans to Greensboro, North Carolina. Mr. W. Jett Lauck is also quoted to the effect that the new rates will not justify an increase of as much as one cent a pound in the price of meat or ten cents in the cost of a suit of clothes, although he admits that there will be an added transportation charge on coal of from seventy-five cents to $1.35. Let us hope that these rosy predictions will be realized, but nobody has shown so conclusively as Mr. Lauck how increases in wages during the war were used as an excuse for the most outrageous profiteering in prices. Mr. Lauck proved by convincing figures that an increased labor cost of fifteen cents on a pair of shoes had been used as the primary reason for exacting $3.50 more on the retail price, while an advance of 1,000 per cent in the wages of packing house employees would not account for the increase in the price of meat over pre-war rates. It may be that prices will not be so scandalously juggled because of present increases in railroad rates as they were because of earlier advances in wages, but until we have the proof of experience we are from Missouri—or at least from East St. Louis, Illinois.

MEANWHILE, even without the excuse of higher railroad rates, prices have been steadily rising. According to the United States Department of Labor, the cost of twenty-two items of food increased 2 per cent from May 15 to June 15 and 9 per cent in the three months from March 15 to June 15. Among the foods the price of which advanced between the middle of May and the middle of June may be mentioned round steak, potatoes, rib roast, sugar, bread, corn meal, and eggs. On the other hand, there was a drop of one-half of 1 per cent in the price of tea and prunes. Obviously, if the American consumer would merely abandon meat, potatoes, bread, and eggs for a diet of tea and prunes, he could beat the H. C. of L. and put money in the bank. There is this consolation in it all, that the fine growing weather of the last two months has converted a prospective food shortage into the probability of abundance. Although the acreage in grain is 9 per cent less than last year, the crop is expected to be 5 per cent larger than the average for the five years 1914-1918, while the outlook is for the largest harvest of potatoes and of cotton since 1914. The Lord is better to us than we deserve.

IT is announced that the Farmer-Labor Party will launch its national campaign in South Dakota, where Parley P. Christensen, its candidate for President, is to begin a five-day speaking tour at Aberdeen on August 23. South Dakota has good strategic possibilities for the new party. A considerable break from the two old parties has already been effected by the Nonpartisan League, which elected eighteen representatives to the Legislature in 1918 and gained control of the administration of Hutchinson County. There is the further advantage, also, that the Nonpartisan League in South Dakota is organized as an independent political party and does not work through the machinery of the Republicans, as in North Dakota. Hence, the Nonpartisan League organization is free to indorse such national candidates as it chooses, and will carry Christensen and Hayes on its ticket. In Washington a convention of the Triple Alliance of labor has just recommended to the membership that it constitute itself the State organization of the Farmer-Labor Party. In six counties, also, according to recent reports, the Nonpartisan League organizations have decided not to attempt to capture the Republican machinery through the primaries, but to make their campaign with the Farmer-Labor Party.

THE Republican, the Democratic, and the Prohibition candidates for President and Vice-President have now been formally notified of their nominations, and each has made the customary formal speech of acceptance. The speeches of Mr. Harding and Mr. Cox contain a number of little eccentricities in grammar and rhetoric which might

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well be used as illustrations by high school teachers of English, if it were not now a crime to refer to current politics in the schools. None of the speeches, however, affords anything but dreary reading. All of them bestow unctuous praise upon the party to which the candidate belongs, and promise an early ending of most of our woes if the party is successful at the polls. All, with equal fervor, denounce the opposing party or parties as responsible for most of the ills that now beset us. No ordinary man can tell exactly what either the Republican or the Democratic candidates think about the League of Nations, which all of them doubtless fear will, and Mr. Wilson apparently fears will not, become in some way a leading issue in the campaign; nor can anyone feel sure what either party is likely to try to do with the high cost of living, which is the thing the people care most about. Mr. Wilson, it is said, plans to address the nation from the back porch of the White House, lest we forget; Senator Harding will address the nation from his front porch at Marion; Governor Cox will tour the country; and there will be canned speeches everywhere. All this would be tolerable enough if only it were amusing; as it is, it is only dull. Nobody cares what any of the candidates thinks, nobody feels deeply that anything very important will have been lost or won whichever way the election goes. One wonders if Mr. Debs or Mr. Christensen, only the latter of whom, unfortunately, is free to star the provinces, will be able to say anything that will make the campaign seem real.

MASTERLY, that's what we call it. A committee of women asked Senator Harding how he stood on the Russian blockade. The genial Senator replied in one hundred ringing words as follows:

> I stand upon the platform adopted by the Republican National Convention at Chicago [which says nothing whatever remotely concerning the blockade]. It would be unwise and unfair in the absence of the fullest knowledge of all the facts involved to give a specific statement on this question. There has been under this administration so much of hidden diplomacy, so much suppression of knowledge concerning our international relations, that even my membership on the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations brought no revealment, but you can readily understand that I must secure enlightenment before it will be proper for me to pronounce judgment specifically or to assume a definite position.

Invaluable! For while it brings no indication that the Marionette has not established a new nadir of intellect for presidential candidates, it reveals when we may expect from him on any matter "a definite position." After enlightenment. Here, we submit, is infinity—or is it eternity? Boy, page Mr. Einstein!

THERE has been much talk in the United States about cultivating the good will of Latin-America. A considerable literature—magazine articles, pamphlets, brochures under the imprimatur of large banking institutions, chambers of commerce, and manufacturers' associations—has been devoted to informing our southward-looking countrymen how to beguile the proud Hispanic-American. Throughout all this propaganda runs and recurs like a Wagnerian theme the warning against past mistakes. The Latin-American, it reiterates, has misunderstood our purposes. All these legitimate and praiseworthy efforts become so much scrap paper in the face of such manifestations of American imperialism as the court martial of the three Dominicans by the United States military command, for writing frankly about our seizure of their native country. For the case of Fallio, the "patriot poet," and of two fellow journalists has resounded throughout Hispanic-America, evoking cabled protests to President Wilson from press clubs in Havana and Montevideo. The character of the American censorship against which these young men have sinned may be deduced from the fact that it forbids the use in newspaper, magazine, pamphlet, or book of the very phrases "freedom of thought" or "freedom of speech," or the words "national" or "revolution." Even "liberty" is *verboten!*

TO recognize that "the Soviet Government exists" would not seem to require superhuman intelligence, yet so far Count Sforza, Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, seems to be the only Western statesman who has made that discovery. His understanding of the situation has been quickened, perhaps, by the fact that in his own country there are large revolutionary groups who "down tools" when they know that the fruit of their labor is to be used against the workers' republic of Russia. Fifty-five Italian sailors of the crew of the British Anchor liner Calabria recently struck in New York harbor rather than man a ship destined to carry 800 Polish reserves to Europe. Enlightened self-interest of this kind may keep the Italian worker at home while his comrades of Poland, Hungary, and France engage in trying to crush the Russian Revolution. Under his pressure the Italian Government not only realizes that the Soviet Government "exists," but has even sent a representative to Moscow. Count Sforza announces further that a Russian envoy is now expected in Rome "and we will do our best to facilitate his journey. He will enjoy the greatest hospitality in this country." Such a policy is in bright contrast to that of our own Government, which, expressing a pious desire not to "interfere in the internal affairs of Russia," at the same time views "with sympathy" the struggle of Wrangel against the Bolsheviki, backed by France.

JOHN H. FINLEY, Commissioner of Education of the State of New York, is reported to have told the members of the International Typographical Union at Albany the other day that a school teacher is out of place in a union. The reason is that the teacher is like the soldier, or, as Dr. Finley is said to have put it, "an officer in the future army of defense." State Superintendent Thomas E. Finegan of Pennsylvania, in an opinion sustaining the refusal of the Board of Education of Lancaster to reemploy teachers who were members of the American Federation of Teachers, an organization affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, has just said the same thing. According to Mr. Finegan, "teachers must be as free and independent in the discharge of their public obligations and responsibilities and in their devotion and loyalty to the public interests which they serve as are firemen, policemen, or soldiers." Theoretically, of course, this is fine—a winsome picture of a free teacher in a free world. What it means in practice is that the teacher must do what he is told, accept any salary a school board chooses to hand out to him, work often in crowded, ill-ventilated, and unsanitary classrooms, observe courses of study and teaching methods prescribed for him by his superiors, carefully refrain from expressing his opin-

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ions on political or economic issues, and submit to being kicked out whenever the powers that be elect to charge him with partisanship or disloyalty or anything else that certain influential people do not like. The only redress, according to Mr. Finegan, is the right of laying the case before the public without any organization of the teachers or help from any other. It will be the fault of the teachers themselves if they go on accepting this "new freedom," and allow the disciplinary necessities of an army to determine their rights and duties. We have only one counsel for the teachers of this country: that is to unite to secure the right of free teaching and a proper remuneration for their work.

THIRTY-NINE Hindus were seized at a factory gate in South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, on July 26. They were taken to the police station without an opportunity to go to their bunk-houses to get their belongings, locked up overnight, and shipped to Ellis Island the next morning. No warrants were shown them, and none had then been issued. A British sea captain went to Ellis Island on July 31—the record does not say who told him they were there—and invited the Hindus to ship with him at East Indian pay, five to seven dollars a month. They refused to go with him, but were told by Ellis Island officials that if they did not sign they would get six months in jail, whereupon some of them did sign. The British sea captain had told a Syrian who makes a business of securing seamen for ships that he would need very few men this trip because the Ellis Island officials were sending him forty Hindus. This Syrian understood that the British Consulate in New York systematically denounced Hindus in this country to agents of the Department of Labor, who arrested them and then, instead of deporting them, turned them over to British sea captains as cheap crews. Since 1917 Hindus have been excluded from this country by the terms of the immigration act, but at least nine of the thirty-nine Hindus arrested at South Bethlehem had entered prior to the passage of that law, and there was no question of their legal right to go about their business in this country. No one, however, had so much as inquired when they had entered or whether they had a right to stay, until the Friends of Freedom for India heard of their case and secured writs of habeas corpus. Only then, indeed, were warrants issued. It is pretty business for agents of our Department of Labor to shanghai Hindus for British ships at the behest of representatives of a foreign government.

THE hurried departure of Charles Huszar, ex-Premier of Hungary, for Europe on August 12, after a sojourn here of four weeks, marks the climax of a campaign of "pitiless publicity," waged without funds, without deliberate attempt at coordination, with the sheer force of truth for its only motive power. Mr. Huszar's record was exposed in an article published in *The Nation* of July 24; and the storm of protest aroused by that article among Hungarians, Jews, and Rumanians in various parts of the United States literally swept Mr. Huszar out of the country. It is extremely unlikely that his deportation would ever have been ordered; the mere fact that it was demanded finished him, and he left six weeks before he planned to without addressing a single one of the mass meetings advertised in advance, or being received by any public official. His complete and accelerated failure deals a severe blow to the prestige of his clique of reactionary jingoes.

THE unveiling the other day of a memorial statue to Wilbur Wright at Le Mans reminds us how, despite the upheaval of war and reconstruction, France continues to be the generous foster-mother of art and invention to all the world. Such a memorial is well; but it was a thousand times better that France offered to the Wright brothers, at the moment when they needed it most, the facilities and the inspiration to perfect what is perhaps the greatest mechanical conquest of nature that man has yet attained. France extended the assistance that is traditional of her genius to the two North Americans, struggling with a heavier-than-air machine, just as she had already given it to Santos Dumont, a South American, in developing a dirigible lighter-than-air machine; and as still earlier she had brought about the perfection of the automobile, with its gas engine which made possible both dirigible and airplane.

ALL this is characteristic of the welcome that France invariably gives to the man of creative spirit, just as it is characteristic of our own country that in printing a photograph of the memorial the New York *Evening Post* should have mentioned Myron T. Herrick as one of the pooh-bahs who made a speech at the unveiling, but omitted the name of Paul Landowski, the sculptor of the monument. Why, we wonder, did the *Evening Post* lug in the name of Wilbur Wright? We cannot blame the caption writer unduly; he ran true to national form, which invariably ignores the artist, who may have spent years on a work, to center its attention on the prominent citizen in a top hat who bores the crowd with more than a few ill-chosen words. Besides, it is part of the philosophy of the age that the producer in all lines shall starve while the profits of his effort go to the middlemen who peddle, exploit, and advertise it. Only we would have the newspapers more consistent; we suggest, for instance, that when next some king of Wall Street dies, the *Evening Post* shall omit his name from the obituary, mentioning only that of the undertaker who conducts the obsequies.

THE shades of Gilbert and Sullivan must have felt something like a creative urge last week to revisit the mirthful waters around their tight little isle and take full charge of the Mannix case. For the case as it worked itself out was the purest comic opera, with the Australian archbishop as a smiling hero-in-the-flesh and the British Government as a purple-faced villain-in-the-sawdust. It was time for excited recitative when the commander of H. M. Destroyer Wyvern boarded the Baltic off Queenstown early Saturday morning and laid his hand on the Sinn Fein prelate's shoulder. There were hours for friendly badinage between Navy and Church, with probably good-natured capitulation to the Church, while the destroyer ploughed across St. George's Channel toward the Cornish coast. There certainly was tea in the afternoon, though the macaroons could scarcely have been bitten by 4:15, when landing was made at—Penzance! Here may have entered a chorus of pirates to sing in celebration of the greatest sea victory since Jutland, the Archbishop joining jovially but winking at the audience as the curtain went down. The Archbishop would have to wink because the victory, as any audience must know, was really Ireland's. To suffer an indignity is often to gain; to perpetrate one is surely to lose—but wait for that new opera, "The Mannix Man."

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Our Russian Policy

THE Wilson-Colby statement on Russian policy does nothing to promote the cause of world-peace and humanity. On the contrary, it serves to perpetuate strife on earth and ill-will among men. It helps to continue starvation of women and children. It may or may not materially affect the Russian government. For three years the Soviets have been engaged in beating off the combined military and economic pressure of the greater part of the world. The unctuous verbiage of the note to Baron Avezzana is therefore not likely to add materially to the burden of Lenin, who will probably smile, shrug his shoulders and dismiss it with some such word as "futile." But an American cannot dismiss such a statement of the policy of his own Government with the same nonchalance. It can affect and it does hurt America. It is another one of those revelations of ignorance on the part of our statesmen which make American diplomacy a laughing-stock, comparable only to the candid admissions of Messrs. Wilson and Lansing that they had never heard of the secret treaties until they went to Europe.

Entirely apart from the question of de facto recognition of a de facto state, the note is objectionable because it is an insult to France and England, which have recognized the independent Baltic states of Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, and to the ten million people of those three countries, which have strugglingly built up democratic governments, which have indeed bought surplus supplies from our own War Department, been aided by our Red Cross, traded with American merchants, and communicated with the United States under their own postage stamps. Now Mr. Wilson suddenly tells them that he cannot recognize them as "separate nations independent of Russia" until he can secure the consent of Russia! All of these states have signed treaties of peace with Soviet Russia, and on terms very favorable to themselves, and live at peace with Soviet Russia as well as with France and England, which acted as godparents when they were first established; but Mr. Wilson, four thousand miles away, cannot recognize them "without the consent of Russia." This is an ostrich policy, a refusal to face facts, a policy of stubborn ignorance—and, more than that, it is out of harmony with Mr. Wilson's own previous policy. If he justifies his recognition of Poland because a recognized Russian Government, that of Kerensky, had already acknowledged Poland's independence, he cannot say the same for Finland, whose recognition he made conditional only upon the election of a constituent assembly. All three of these Baltic states long ago elected constituent assemblies.

Perhaps even more objectionable is Mr. Wilson's attempt to dictate to the Russians what form of government they may have. Lenin might well reply with a paraphrase of Mr. Wilson's own words:

> Upon numerous occasions the responsible spokesmen of the American Government have declared that it is their understanding that the very existence of the parliamentary form of government in America depends, and must continue to depend, upon the occurrence of revolutions in all soviet states, including, Russia, which will overthrow and destroy their governments and set up parliamentary rule in their stead. They have made it quite plain that they intend to use every means, including of course, diplomatic agencies, to promote such revolutionary movements in other countries. . . . We cannot recognize, hold official relations with, or give friendly reception to the agents of a government which is determined and bound to conspire against our institutions.

Lenin might reply to Wilson in such Wilsonian words, and his contentions would be borne out by Mr. Wilson's own note; but Lenin would not be silly enough to utter such bosh. He knows that such propaganda is merely a form of self-defense, and that Mr. Wilson, or his successors, will abandon it when peace comes and the ordinary processes of commercial exchange are under way. As a matter of fact, our government, prior to Mr. Wilson's regime, did not attempt to dictate to other nations the form of government which they must adopt, nor have other governments been accustomed to such intrusive habits. We have recognized governments where they existed and functioned, whether we liked their ways or not. We did not refuse to recognize the present king of Serbia, although his accession to the throne involved the midnight murder of the previous king, the queen, two of the queen's brothers, two members of the cabinet, and fifty other members of the court. And we were right, despite our horror at the murders. If the people of Serbia stood for Peter Karageorgevich, it was for us to do our business with the government which actually governed Serbia. And now when the Bolsheviki, despite all the months of newspaper rumors of imminent downfall, have governed Russia for nearly three years, overwhelmingly defeating an unexampled series of attacks upon them, it is for us to do business with them and to stop the moral posing which has already done us and Russia so much harm. Mr. Wilson's attitude is mere gesture; it is phraseology in a vacuum; his note is as unrealistic as if it had been issued from an Eskimo island.

One sentence in Mr. Wilson's statement might have a definite meaning outside the shadow-world of notes: he says that this Government will employ "all available means" to render Poland's political independence and territorial integrity effectual. What he understands by "all available means" is hard to say. Perhaps he means nothing at all; he has already lent money and sent supplies to the Polish army, and beyond that lies only the dispatch of troops. If Mr. Wilson should attempt to send American youth to fight for Poland after Poland's recent antics, he might learn something of the changed temper of the American people.

Yet none of the three great western Powers has acquitted itself in the Polish crisis with any marked grace or skill. Mr. Lloyd George's opportunism, devoid of principle though it be, serves England better than M. Millerand serves France or Mr. Wilson America. The French recognition of General Wrangel is consistent. The French Government has from the beginning done everything within its power to hinder any peace or understanding with the Soviet Government, and has aided any man or group of men who would fight it and acknowledge the old Russian debt to France. Recovery of the money which France lent to the Czar has avowedly been the controlling influence in French policy throughout. That the policy is blind, and hurts France, matters not. It may cost France men and money, but in all probability the Soviet Government will crush Wrangel as it has crushed Kolchak, Denikin, Judenich, and the Poles, aided as all of them have been by France or England.

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Mr. Lloyd George's policy, on the contrary, deals with Europe as a condition rather than as a theory. He does not like the Bolsheviki and says so; yet he admits that the Poles made an unjustified attack upon the Russians, and he does not attempt to duck the too obvious parallel between Soviet terms to Poland and Entente terms to Germany. He says in effect that England will not interfere unless the Russians attempt to enforce severer terms upon the Poles than the Entente did upon the Germans. And when he rose to speak in the House of Commons, he was probably already aware that the Soviet terms to Poland—rapid demobilization of the Polish army to 60,000 men, cessation of foreign military support, surrender of surplus munitions and arms, a commercial outlet to the Baltic, and distribution of Polish land to Polish soldiers—were very much more generous and humane terms than those which the Entente imposed upon Germany. For the benefit of his Tory majority in the House of Commons, of course, he had to do a certain amount of ranting against the Bolsheviki. We cannot praise Mr. Lloyd George's principles, for if he has any he has concealed or violated them as often as he has upheld them, but we are glad that there is one Entente statesman with sufficient political adaptability to face the fact that the Bolsheviki are the Russian government today, and must be dealt with.

Let Us Have Peace!

SIX years ago began the great war, which three years later, when the United States entered it, had become "the war to end war," the war "to make the world safe for Democracy," the war "to make the world a decent place to live in." That the war accomplished none of these things no one will deny. And yet with peace not yet made we are witnessing the beginning of a drive to get us into another conflict as vast and terrible as the holocaust from which the shattered world is still gasping. The New York *Tribune*, which achieved the unique distinction on the day after the armistice of regretting the end of the war, because "America has not suffered enough," is now pointing the way to salvation through more war. Tiring already of Wilsonian words, it demands deeds, which, of course, means American armies to Russia; while Mr. Frank H. Simonds, contributor to scores of other newspapers as well, asserts that immediate dispatch of French, British, American, and Italian troops against the Bolshevists is necessary "if the victory won in the world war is to be preserved." One need not have been a pacifist or indeed anything but a one hundred per cent supporter of the war against Germany to grasp the super-obvious truth that the great war, with its incalculable sacrifices, settled nothing—not even the "crushing of the Hun," which those who rejected the Wilsonian idealism insisted was its sole purpose—and that the world and civilization cannot stand another such cataclysm. If there is one outstanding truth that has been demonstrated by the last five years, it is the utter futility, criminality, and damnability of war. If there is one overshadowing fact today, it is that the world needs peace, peace without stint or limit, as the fundamental and essential solution of the ills from which it is suffering.

Other signs that the drive for a new war is on are not lacking. On August 16, American newspapers conspicuously featured an Associated Press dispatch of obviously propagandist character. France, England, "and eventually America" are to be conquered, "officials of the Bolshevist regime told the Associated Press today," reads the dispatch, dated from Kolno, Poland, which is certainly not Soviet headquarters, while the "officials" are, of course, unidentified.

It is time for decent and intelligent people the world over, whom five years of observation have made wise to the machinery of war, who have nothing to gain and everything to lose by universal bloodshed, to unite and make themselves felt unmistakably. Labor in England has already put its foot down. Similar manifestations in Rumania and Czecho-Slovakia are heartening, and labor groups in France and Italy are also heard from. The blind old men still trying to steer the destinies of the world cannot more effectively spread Bolshevism than by the course they are pursuing. Unlikely to succeed in crushing it in Russia, they are more likely to succeed in erecting it at home. Prussianism in a dozen countries replaced that which was destroyed in Germany. Is this experience to be repeated? Let us have peace!

Japan Invades Siberia

WHEN the Japanese by means of force and trickery broke in pieces the Siberian Provisional Government which had been set up on the remains of the Kolchak dictatorship, the Allies and the United States, in spite of their solicitude about the fate of democracy in remote corners of the earth, made no protest at all. They made no protest, although General Graves had testified to the atrocities of Kolchak and to the honest efforts and general popularity of the new Government. They made no protest, although the Siberian Provisional Government was democratically elected—magic phrase—and although every political party in Siberia, including the Conservatives and the Cadets, had pledged its support. They made no protest, but allowed Japan to strangle the young life out of the new republic, to nullify its laws and decrees, to terrorize its people; until finally the inevitable happened and Japanese soldiers and civilians were killed in a Siberian town.

If the Japanese Government had itself brought about the slaughter at Nikolaievsk—as indeed it did, in effect, through its policy of nagging interference and repression—the results could not have better fitted the plans of the dominant military group in Japan. Within two months the Government had announced the seizure of the northern half of the island of Sakhalin in order "to uphold the honor and prestige" of the country.

Then suddenly the United States realized that the moment had arrived to raise its voice in protest. Siberian democracy, to be sure, was dead or barely quivering under the heel of Japan. The provisional government was little more than a cloak to cover Japanese aggressions. But Japan was edging over toward the mainland—and the United States was at last interested. The Department of State dispatched a note to the Japanese Government stating that its action in occupying Russian territory was contrary to the wishes of the United States; to which Japan replied, according to the scant reports that have been allowed to slip into the press, that its intention to remain in possession of Sakhalin was nevertheless unaltered.

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Japan wants three things in Siberia. It wants to control the Chinese Eastern Railway and as much as possible of the Trans-Siberian Railway. It wants to carve out "buffer states" which will enable it to exploit the body of Siberia while pretending that its soul is free. It wants to spill its excess population into a fertile and productive land. The first two aims, in common with all similar policies of other nations, are dangerous to the peace of the world and destructive of the integrity and independence of the Russian people of Siberia. The third is wholly justified. If they go unaccompanied by the threat of political control, there is no reason why the crowded masses of Japan should not find in the wide spaces of southern Siberia a suitable dwelling-place. Russia has shown no tendency to follow the American and Australian example of intolerance and exclusion. But Japan, seeking an outlet for its hard-pressed population, has no excuse for sending to Siberia the troops and guns and office-holders and carpet-baggers that make up the present invasion. The protests of the Department of State, animated not at all by the sufferings of the Siberians, may yet serve a useful purpose if they prevent the Japanese Government from following its emigrants to the mainland. Unfortunately, the Department of State has little chance of success. The Japanese Government knows what it wants in Siberia; and it will not be distracted by any Wilsonian admonitions against the absorption of a bit of Siberian territory here and a buffer state or two there.

The Japanese Government will, with complete assurance, pursue its Siberian policy until it is stopped; and if it is stopped it will be not by Woodrow Wilson but by the force that is at work at present upsetting the calculations of the map-makers of western Europe—the Soviet Government of Russia.

The Northwest

IN our school geographies, and in popular acceptation, this country has long been divided into five great regions: New England, the Middle States, the South, the Central West, and the Pacific Coast. Sometimes the latter has been subdivided into the Mountain and the Pacific States. These groupings are partly geographical, partly historical and social.

Ten and fifteen years ago the most interesting of these regions from the political standpoint was the Central West. It was this region that responded most conspicuously to the gospel of Theodore Roosevelt, that came to believe most whole-heartedly with him that it was possible to better political and governmental conditions wherever the people wanted to do so. From indifference toward politics the people of the Central West turned to the improvement of them with the energy and directness characteristic of the region. State and municipal governments came in for an overhauling, the good effects of which are still evident, and experiment began with new political devices like the direct primary, the initiative, referendum, and recall, the commission form of government, and a simplified and less partisan ballot. The Central West became the idea-center of the country, not in the sense that it was the home of a majority of our greatest writers or preachers or educators or scientists, but in that it was the region where the mass of the people were most wide-awake intellectually and whence American public sentiment, in so far as it ever finds expression, most clearly emanated.

That was ten to fifteen years ago. What do we find today? As an idea-center, as the home of experiment toward better political conditions, the old Central Western *bloc* has disappeared. Twenty years ago William Allen White said that the matter with Kansas was that it had started out to raise hell and was suffering from over-production. Today Kansas has ceased to raise hell and is turning out bumper crops of corn and wheat in which her newspapers glory. But those same newspapers are less worth reading than they were a decade ago; they have fewer ideas and less independence. Man does not live by corn and wheat alone. Intellectually he may survive better by raising hell. As one goes through Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa today, he sees magnificent barns and fine farm houses; it is a fat and sleek and prosperous country, with miles of well-headed wheat and oats, and corn of glorious promise. But the intellectual crops are less in evidence; they seem to be suffering from drought, under-cultivation, and decreased acreage. People are talking about their automobiles, their asphalted streets, their new hotels with baths in every room. The great ideas that are stirring Europe pass them by; they seem to have forgotten their mission of a decade ago as the political prophets and teachers of the nation. Is it that they have become too prosperous? Lincoln Steffens once described Philadelphia as corrupt and contented. Has this section of the Central West become rich and reactionary?

In Wisconsin La Folletteism seems to have preserved the traditions of older days, but otherwise it is not until one gets farther west and north that he senses the zest for political progress which a decade ago characterized the whole of this region. Then one discovers that the old Central West has disintegrated as a political entity, while a new *bloc* has been formed that may be roughly described as the Northwest. Its heart is the northern tier of States —Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington —from Lake Superior to Puget Sound, but it includes also some of the States just below, say South Dakota, Colorado, and perhaps Nebraska. This new *bloc* is far from a geographical entity. It embraces rolling prairies, arid plains, precipitous mountains, and fertile valleys of the Pacific slope. In population, however, it is perhaps as homogeneous as any section of the country, containing a high percentage of what we like to call the old American stock, together with a strong admixture of the Scandinavian and Teutonic immigration of fifty years ago. It is predominatingly an agricultural section, but although the barns are as big as in Ohio and Indiana, the houses are less pretentious, and upon inquiry one discovers that a surprisingly large number of the farms are under mortgage; that a large part of what they produce is going to the banks.

Roughly speaking, this new political *bloc* is coextensive with the region of the greatest strength of the National Nonpartisan League, of which it is perhaps partly the cause and partly the result. The ideas that are stirring are more largely economic and more fundamental than the rather opportunistic political reform of the old Central West, but they are highly practical and thoroughly American—in the legitimate sense that they are home-made and adapted to the locality they are intended to serve. They make the Northwest the most hopeful and fertile political field in America today.

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Russian Impressions

By HENRY G. ALSBERG

Moscow, June 27

TWO months of going up and down the Soviet Republic have not enabled me to speak at all authoritatively upon Russia's present situation or upon her future. Russia today constitutes a problem similar, in my mind, to that of immortality. I find my judgment quite fluid and pragmatic, varying from day to day with everything I see and hear. One moment I feel quite as if I had let down, across the stage of my bewildered brain, a curtain of decision, put out the lights, and retired into myself to write a critique of the play. Then, lo and behold, the bell rings again, the footlights flash on, the orchestra reawakens, and I find the curtain going up once more on the play—whose last act I had thought to have witnessed. I am writing this article during one of the *entr'actes*.

Naturally enough, a foreigner like myself labors under the language difficulty; also under his load of ignorance of Russia before the revolution. It has proved an herculean labor to find out the simplest things, or, for instance, to call up on the telephone. How then shall I judge the workman's present condition when I was not acquainted with his life before the war? How shall I make sensible comparisons? Even people who knew Russia have come back here with their preconceived notions of what revolutionary Russia would be like, and now either find themselves bitterly disappointed or else fail utterly to understand what has taken place. Even the leaders, it may be said, do not comprehend the power of the gigantic wave which they themselves are riding. I think it was Kamenev who said, at the first luncheon given to the British labor delegates in Moscow, at which I was present: "We do not make the revolution or cause its developments, but the revolution and events shape us. We have made mistakes"—and this statement I have heard time and again from Russian leaders—"not because we wanted to, but because we had to act, because to act was vital. We shall make more mistakes. We are not afraid of mistakes nor of admitting that we have made them, as you will see." I venture to add that neither Trotzky nor Lenin nor Bucharin nor Lunacharsky knows the destination of the Russian revolution; but, to use our own wise slang, "they are on their way."

On the other hand, I do not feel justified in writing the usual gossip or the ordinary cut-and-dried statistics which are easily culled from every commissariat. I have enough material on my table now for the manufacture of twenty very interesting, but entirely illusory, articles. One of the troubles with Russia at the present moment is that everybody is too busy drawing up new programs to execute those already drawn up. Moreover, I could fill several volumes with the usual inconsequential gossip which I have gathered from interviews with commissars, with important persons both within and without the Government, with men and women in the streets, with discontented groups of Mensheviki, Anarchists, and Social Revolutionaries of the Right and Left, and with the bourgeoisie. These, however, are things neither wise nor serviceable to record at present.

The further question arises now as to whether or not it will be useful, while war to the knife is waging between Russian democracy and Polish imperialism, to tell the whole truth about the situation here. Arthur Ransome told me, when we met at Reval, that to do so would simply be putting bullets into Polish rifles. On the other hand, I argue that the Soviet Government has suffered much more from senseless, indiscriminate praise than from stupid lies. Nobody any longer believes the lies that are told about Russia. When a man like North goes back to London and states that the trolley-cars are not running, when as a matter of fact they are running day and night, such an obvious falsehood can be nailed easily enough by eye-witnesses. But when the Soviet Republic's well-wishers ladle out sweet syrup over the very human and very fallible revolutionary institutions, then, of course, the public begins to get suspicious. A natural revulsion is bound to follow the golden-age interpretation when some of the real imperfections stand revealed—that there is starvation; that there is graft; that there is inefficiency; that there is occasional tyranny great and petty; that, at present, there is no general political freedom such as we are accustomed to—or were accustomed to before the war; that many of the Government's socialistic institutions have broken down from a practical point of view; that—and God help me for mentioning a fact so carefully veiled—there is a considerable amount of national chauvinism.

It should be remembered that Russia is intensely human and fallible. It is the same Russia as before the war, filled with the same half-oriental population. A miracle has happened to these people. They have been greatly transformed, but not at all into angels. The Revolution, as Kropotkin said to me, still lives despite aberrations caused chiefly by civil and external wars. And the Revolution, together with its spirit, must be preserved at all hazards. It will be a great service to Russia to interpret even dimly, but with honest eyes, the actual state of affairs in proper perspective. And let me state at this point that it is my honest conviction, as well as the conviction of every intelligent observer with whom I have talked, that not only is the Russian Revolution right in its present courses, but that it also is inevitable. Under the threat of internal dissolution and of partition by outside forces, nothing else could have happened. I have also the further conviction that the spirit of the proletarian Revolution survives, and that the leaders are sophisticated enough to be conscious of the dangers surrounding a dictatorship no longer based on necessity. They are anxious, I believe, to relax the reign of repression the moment peace and the end of counter-revolution are in sight. I venture to say that Kamenev—head of the Moscow Soviet and member of the central executive committee—expressed the opinions of his colleagues pretty well when he said to me quite solemnly, in answer to a formal question of mine: "As soon as we have peace external and internal, we intend to reestablish freedom of the press and assembly and political life. We shall be glad to call all the opposition elements to our help. Even the Mensheviki who sided with Denikin have already been pardoned. But we are fighting for existence now, and that fact must be recognized by our friends." I think also that the decrees which were enacted after the

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liquidation of Kolchak and Denikin, abolishing the death sentence and granting quick and open trials to political offenders, would have been carried out in all sincerity had not the Polish offensive interrupted a peaceful development. It is cheap and easy for the opposition here to sneer at these decrees as having been merely a hypocritical cover for a despotic directorate, but the evidence to support such sneers does not seem near at hand.

Perhaps the third and last inducement for me, personally, to tell the whole truth about Russia in spite of my own partiality for what has taken place here, is that I feel very strongly that there should be a few sources from which truth-telling may always be expected and relied upon. I think the war has fully demonstrated the viciousness of prevarication. Let there be a few voices crying in the wilderness. Let there be a few men willing to be cursed by friend and foe alike in the service of the goddess of candor.

When I was still at Reval, fuming about my permission to get into Russia, which permission seemed never to arrive, Michael Farbman, of the Chicago *Daily News*, came out of Moscow. He laid down for me then a very true principle which I have found it fairly safe to follow everywhere in the Soviet Republic. He said that one must never take any program or statement at its face value. Not only is the real situation always entirely different from what the government program or official will tell you, but it is also entirely different from what the official thinks is the fact. The Russian is very much like the Englishman in this one respect—he likes to continue calling a spade a spade long after it has been transformed into a steam shovel. Conditions are really so fluid and ever-changing that the most ingenious official can not keep up with them.

Take, for example, the question of *pyok*, the ration assigned by the government to its citizens. I have been chasing this illusive *pyok*, and trying to salt its tail, as it were, ever since I have been in Russia. At first I was told that there were four classes of *pyok*. The first consists usually of a pound to a pound and a half of bread for the soldiers; the second is a pound of bread for heavy workers; the third is three-quarters of a pound for other workers; and, if anything is left, a ration of indeterminate size for the rest of the population, presumably the bourgeoisie. This all seemed very well and in good order. Then one discovered that *pyok* Number Four was no longer in existence because the people who were not in some form of government work did not exist. Again, well and good. But then it turned out that in Petrograd, for instance, Class Three gets the *pyok* only every third day—not always then—and that it consists of only three-eighths of a pound. This is, of course, on account of the scarcity of food. The Petrograd workmen, I find, get less than their *pyok*. Then I talked with a soldier from Murmansk, wearing a beautiful British uniform, who told me that his present *pyok* was only a pound a day, but he also gets some meat, sugar, fish, etc. These things are always supposed to go with the first three kinds of *pyok*, but usually they do not. One might point out that the government, not being in a position to draw upon unlimited supplies, naturally could not give full *pyoks*. But what of a physician with whom I talked, who drew three *pyoks* on account of being visiting physician at three different hospitals? He received sugar, meat, butter, and other things besides. Similarly, in Petrograd, I have visited factories where the workmen, owing to the enterprise of their managers, get the full pound a day and a certain quantity at any rate of meat, fish, sugar, coffee, and tobacco. Then there is the academic *pyok* just instituted for professors. This is supposed to be even larger than the military *pyok;* yet in Petrograd professors at the university complained that they received too little to live on. On the other hand, there exists a sort of confidential *pyok*, called that of the responsible workers, heads of bureaus and commissariats, which is not talked of in public. The holders of this *pyok*-card may receive the equivalent of the military *pyok*. Yet I hasten to add that the commissars by no means live in the lap of luxury. I was twice in Lunacharsky's office when luncheon was brought in, a quite unsensational dish of coarse maccaroni cooked in salt water.

In short, the *pyok* question is one of inextricable obscurity. I have gone into it at such length in order to illustrate my point that programs never correspond to reality in Russia. I might quite as well have instanced the matter of hours of work or of wages. The change back to overtime and piece-work, and the varieties of wages, are all quite different from the standards pictured on a beautiful chart which hangs in the central office of the Petrograd unions. The variety of factory managements is equally chameleon-like. Some factories have still the old committee; some are run by managers, some by the workers themselves quite independent of any governmental interference —such a one is the Russo-American Instrument Factory, managed by a group of returned Russian-Americans as a sort of commonwealth; some have actually been left in private hands—such as the factory of the American Harvester Company, at Moscow, and another factory in Petrograd. The Soviet system, in short, whatever its formal program, is broad as human nature, and as varied and complex. But that very fact makes sight-seeing by sociological tourists arduous and nerve-racking.

The National Parks' Peril

By ROBERT STERLING YARD

AFTER forty-eight years of practically complete conservation, during which twenty-four successive Congresses established a national policy by refusing hundreds of applications for irrigation and other private rights in our national parks, suddenly a sinister, quietly organized, and powerful campaign to seize their waters for irrigation and power has nearly succeeded with the present Congress. It will need the personal effort of men and women of vision and patriotism all over this land to save for the whole people a precious American institution from selfish economic exploitation by a few. This campaign is two-fold—on the one hand the irrigation wing, whose advance was stopped temporarily just short of its objective; on the other hand, the water power wing, which carried all its first trenches.

The irrigation attack is centered on Yellowstone Park, but its success will furnish precedent for a score or more of projects already organized to seize the waters of other national parks. More than two years ago large irrigation interests in Idaho formulated a plan for damming the Yellowstone Lake at the sacrifice of forty thousand acres of native forest, the breeding islands of the white pelicans, the fishing cave, the Thum basin and other famous spec-

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tacles, and carrying the waters south into Idaho through tunnels under the continental divide; also for damming Shoshone and Lewis Lakes, the next largest in the park, and for locating reservoirs in the Falls River Basin, an isolated swamp in the southwestern corner of the park. When this crept into the local press Montana ranchmen sat up straight, for the Yellowstone is a Montana river. Was Idaho to be permitted to run away with Montana's property? Vigorous opposition was organized, new plans were drawn to dam Yellowstone Lake for the benefit of the lower valley, and a lively fight was on between the two States. That Yellowstone Lake was the property of the nation and not of either state counted with nobody, not even with the local Congressmen whose aid both sides promptly enlisted.

The inevitable followed. The contenders pooled their strength, *Divide et impera*, in a new sense, being their motto. Yellowstone Lake was yielded to Montana, Idaho contenting herself, in view of Montana's support, with Shoshone and Lewis Lakes and the Falls River Basin. A joint appeal was made to irrigation interests in other States and an attempt made to intrench the scheme in national politics. To offset, with as little opposition as possible, the natural policy of half a century, the innocent looking Falls River Basin project was chosen to establish the precedent while irrigationists at many national parks waited eagerly. Excellent strategy marked the choice of time. Crops were short, and the Falls River Basin promised an increase of food supply. Economy was the cry of both parties, and this project asked no money from state or nation. Congress was absorbed in violent partisanship on great questions, and this bill would attract no attention. A presidential campaign moreover was at hand in which the vote of a single Western State might turn the scales. The Senate passed the bill with a wave of the hand, and it was favorably reported in the House. A bare week before becoming law the measure was discovered by conservation associations. A sharp fight followed before the Rules Committee, where the sudden opposition had forced the bill's proponents to apply for a special place on the calendar. The abrupt closing of the session left it there, balked but not defeated.

Meantime the Montana group, under the title of the Yellowstone Irrigation Association, had raised large capital and carried the work of enlisting political help as far as the Pacific. The failure of the Idaho group to secure a precedent was a hard blow, followed by another when Secretary Payne refused permission to survey Yellowstone Lake for a dam. But the bill will appear at the next session just the same. In Yellowstone National Park the rumble of the spoilers' activities is audible on every side. A large delegation came into the park to explain their plan, on the spot, to the visiting House Appropriations Committee, and the local papers, of course fully enlisted in the scheme, were bitter over the Committee's refusal to receive this delegation at the lake. A still larger delegation plans to meet Secretary Payne on his visit.

The people of the United States will have both these fights on their hands next winter in Congress. It is the second session of the same Congress. It will be a hard fight. Among the Western representatives in whose constituencies vital interests are involved political considerations will dominate. Eastern Congressmen, with a few vigorous exceptions, are only slightly interested, being disposed to consider national parks mere "playgrounds," or to dismiss them as a "Western question."

But, ominous as the irrigation situation is, the water power situation is even more so. The Federal Power Bill, which has knocked around Congress for ten years or more, was revived again last winter. Senate and House disagreed and it passed into conference. A few days before adjournment, the compromise bill emerged, was passed by both houses as a matter of form, and sent to the President for signature. This bill created a Federal Water Power Commission consisting of the Secretaries of War, Interior, and Agriculture with power to issue leases for the building of dams, power houses, transmission lines, and other structures "necessary or convenient" on all public lands and reservations. National parks and monuments were included by name. Again public-spirited associations discovered the danger at the last moment and sounded the alarm. Telegrams poured in upon the President from coast to coast against the inclusion of the national parks. The President gave the bill a pocket veto, but, under pressure of thousands of telegrams from the west, at last signed it under an old precedent. The fate of the national parks passed from Congress for the first time in forty-eight years into the hands of three men. How do these men stand? Secretary Payne is the uncompromising defender of the national parks. Secretary Meredith is outspokenly for irrigation and power rights everywhere. Secretary Baker is noncommittal. The Federal Water Power Act must be amended next winter so as to exclude national parks and monuments. It will be a fight to a finish, for the power crowd is a powerful crowd, and in deadly earnest to land the great prize so nearly in its grasp.

From the great mountains, snow clad, jagged, the eternal waters fall in sparkling cascades to the smooth bosom of green valleys. There, set apart from the encroachments of man's materialism, nature, primeval, pure, persists, untrammeled and undefiled. Shall we maintain its only reservations in this country, our National Parks?

Our Fathers in a wondrous age,
Ere yet the earth was small,
Insured to us an heritage,
And doubted not at all
That we, the children of their heart,
Which then did beat so high,
In later time should play like part
For our posterity.

* * * * * *

Dear-bought and clear, a thousand year
Our father's title runs.
Make we likewise their sacrifice,
Defrauding not our sons.

Contributors to This Issue

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The Far East Gets a Respite

By MAX ZIPPIN

THE Russian Far East had enjoyed a respite of two months and five days. On January 30 the remnants of the Kolchak-Semionov forces either fell into the hands of the revolutionists at Vladivostok or joined them, and the red flag quickly displaced the green one. On April 5 the Japanese, during the entire period of this respite, made all the military preparations necessary, and planted their flag wherever the red flag of the Russian revolutionists was fluttering in the breezes of the mild spring. But in those two months the Russians tried in pathetic haste to show what they would have done had the rear guard of the Allied democracies retired and left them free.

Like the two great revolutions of March and November, 1917, the revolutionary coup of Vladivostok was almost bloodless. A regiment of chasseurs gave the signal by refusing to obey orders, and Rosanov, who first represented Kolchak and then swore allegiance to Semionov, but who was in fact a sort of dictator for himself with independent agreements with Japan, was about to smash the revolutionary forces. Luckily the American officers present insisted upon genuine and honest neutrality and the "Partisans" took the city. In the evening of the same day the Regional Maritime Zemstvo declared itself a provisional government, called upon all classes to continue work, and took under its authority all the military detachments, arresting those of the old officers who were pointed out as criminals and who had not succeeded in hiding under Japanese protection.

Medviediev, the head of the Zemstvo Government, was a Social Revolutionist who fought the Bolsheviki tooth and nail but who also opposed foreign intervention. His right hand man, Rusanov, a member of the Cadet Party, opposed the Bolsheviki ever more fiercely, having represented the Kerensky Government as the Commissar of the Far East until he was "relieved" by the Bolsheviki. But he, too, was a strong and outspoken opponent of foreign intervention. In Irkutsk, where the forces of Kolchak were overthrown a month earlier, the Social Revolutionists had relinquished their power in favor of the Bolsheviki and had recognized the Soviet Government. In Nikolsk the Partisans had entered the city a few days before and proclaimed a soviet form of government. In Khabarovsk the city duma, having been elected in the Kolchak period and being composed almost entirely of members of the "party of private ownership," called a meeting and, with an imposing ceremony, turned over the government to the soviets. In Iman, in Sukhan, in the whole Amur region, as well as in Kamchatka and Sakhalin, soviets were organized or rather revived, while the only "Black Island," as they called it, was a narrow strip along the Trans-Baikal Railroad where Semionov's heir, Voitzekhovsky, was still reigning by the help of Japanese bayonets, and that strip of land along the Chinese Eastern Railway in Northern Manchuria where Horvath was playing at dictatorship.

In Vladivostok proper, as the elections to the city government and soviets later proved, at least 85 per cent of the population were Bolsheviki or bolshevist sympathizers. Still, the Zemstvo Government was quickly recognized by all the classes and all the parties, the Communists giving it their heartiest support. On its part the Government solemnly promised to turn over its authority to the Soviets and to recognize the central government as soon as foreign intervention should be liquidated. There was only one exception to the general approval of the new government. A protest signed "Businessmen" was circulated among the populace stating that the Far East would never have order without the help of the real friends of Russia, the Japanese. But this was an anonymous affair and bore all the earmarks of "Made in Japan."

A reading of the resolutions passed by the different parties in connection with this coup, the speeches made, and the articles written, disclose the secret of this remarkable unity of all classes and parties. The two years of foreign intervention, the indescribable privation, the bloodshed and destruction suffered at the hands of the Allies and their vassals, and the remarkable ability of the Soviet Government to withstand it all and come out victorious had taught them their lesson. A declaration signed by the leaders of all the Socialist parties but the Communist reads:

> We were divided into two opposing camps because we all thought that we were serving best our socialist aims, "Is Russia ready for the Social Revolution?" both asked. "Yes," said one side, "and we shall have it." "Not quite yet," said the other, "and we must be very careful, else we may repeat the crimes of all utopians." The nightmare is over. Yesterday's opponents of the proletarian have perished with him on the battlefield and rest in the same graves. . . . And together they shall now start the new life.

The clearest expression of this feeling on the part of the groups that were previously opposing the Bolsheviki is contained in the resolution of the party of the Mensheviki at the time of the coup at Vladivostok.

> We are perfectly aware that our party has lost all semblance of influence with the laboring masses of Russia. . . . In the present period of our revolution we cannot comprehend any other form of government than the soviet form. . . . The endeavor of the Russian worker to unite is due both to the desire to promote the principles of international socialism and to the aspiration to save the integrity of Russia. This last aspiration rallies around the proletariat the bourgeois layers of the peasantry, the intelligentsia, and the bourgeois democracy, so that there is in fact a free hegemony—and not a dictatorship—of the proletariat.

Even the conservatives—one may unmistakably call them reactionaries—quickly affirmed their acceptance of the authority of the Siberian Provisional Government, including "Ambassador" Kudoshev, who represented the Czar in China and insisted upon his ambassadorial rights, like our own Bakhmeteff, to the last. The Russian Consul General, Popov, who was the originator of the plan of Allied intervention in the early days of Semionov, wholeheartedly acknowledged the new government and even consented to continue in his office under the control of a committee elected by Socialist and workers' organizations. The following incident in connection with the transition of authority from the hands of Kolchak to that of the Soviets at Blagoveshchensk is illuminating. The executive committee of the local soviet had advised the Russian Consul at Aygan, a Chinese

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city across the border, of the change, and the following was his answer:

I have telegraphically advised our Ambassador at Peking of the change and have just received his answer urging me to come into working agreement with the new government. In accordance with this, and because of my personal conviction that the Soviet Government is reestablishing our Russia, I shall be happy to exert every possible means to help the representatives of this new authority; and if any of them decide to come to this side of the Amur he will be fully protected by me.

The attitude of the Communist Party, the party in power, can best be seen from the resolution passed at Vladivostok. The resolution reads:

The party remains true to its principles of soviet government, but owing to international difficulties it is as yet impossible to declare a government of the workers' and peasants' soviets in the Far East, and the party, therefore, recognizes and accepts the authority of the Zemstvo Government, with the understanding that this government fulfils its promise quickly to liquidate foreign intervention and to reunite the Far East with Soviet Russia.

The Communist Party also participated in the elections to the city government, not under its own party head but under that of the Federation of Trade Unions, "because," it was explained in the official *Krasnoe Znamia*, "the workers must send to the city duma such representatives as are known for their integrity and their knowledge, and we must disown politics in such instances. . . ."

Vilensky, who came to Vladivostok as the representative of the Soviet Government, unceasingly urged the party members to hold to this course, although the rank and file of the party were not easily convinced. The workers of the Sukhan region, for instance, declared—

We have not forgotten for a moment that the soviets are the only form of government that is representative of the laboring masses, and we therefore demand of the Zemstvo that it immediately transfer the authority to the Soviets. And if this should lead to intervention by the Allied imperialists we will fight them with our bare breasts as we have done throughout these two years.

The railroad workers of the Amur adopted an identical resolution, as did the military organizations made up of soldiers who had previously fought for Kolchak's "democracy." The military revolutionary staffs of the Partisan armies of the Khabarovsk and Nikolsk regions, the organizations that crushed Kolchak, went so far as to declare that "no peace shall be made with the Zemstvo leaders who are in fact traitors to the masses, and whose hands are stained with the blood of our brothers. . . . And we shall not lay down our arms until all the enemies of the workers shall have perished."

To win the support of the workers the Zemstvo Government had to do some compromising. Careful not to identify itself in any way with the Soviet Government, at least officially, it decreed on March 25 that it would "recognize as lawfully existing local governments, on a par with the Zemstvo and city governments, the soviets and soviet committees, admitting their authority wherever found." It also decided, on April 2, to "establish a concentration camp for all the active counter-revolutionists and persons manifestly dangerous to order and peace."

The Zemstvo Government, recognized by Moscow, recognized by Japan, supported by practically every element in the war-weary population, held in it the only hope for a peaceful development of eastern Siberia. Its honest intentions were made manifest in every act. It was elected by universal suffrage; it prosecuted profiteers and speculators, at the same time preventing unlawful confiscations; it went far toward distributing food supplies. Upon coming into power it discovered that a conspiracy was on foot to starve the Russian masses into submission by buying up and exporting all the food, clothing, and other necessities accumulated by Allied and Russian speculators, who had had a free hand during the reign of Kolchak. The Provisional Government thereupon decreed an embargo, and the following is the manner in which the representatives of the Allied governments acted upon it: "It has come to our knowledge," reads the official communication of the Consular Corps at Vladivostok, "that the applications of the foreign firms for clearance papers to export goods are rejected by the new formed committees on export and import. The declination in prices abroad, the expenses of insurance and shortage, the loss of interest on the capital, all this threatens the foreign firms with losses. The Consular Corps therefore insists upon the issuing of permits to foreign firms for export." The communication was sent to the head of the Provisional Government by the entire Consular Corps. The American consul at Vladivostok is a member of this corps.

In spite of the disabilities under which it labored, the Zemstvo Provisional Government was what the Allies had been clamoring for since intervention began—a democratic government supported by all classes of the population. Since the Japanese coup of April 5 it has been only the shell of a government, without power or dignity, a mere mask for the invasions and depredations of the Japanese troops. The immediate result has been the massacre of Nikolaevsk and the seizing by Japan of Sakhalin. The eventual result will certainly be war.

The Nikolaievsk "Massacre"

By MILES M. SHEROWER

"REMEMBER the Alamo," "Remember the Maine," were cries that drove the United States into wars of conquest. "Do not forget May 25," is the slogan that may make the Japanese masters of Eastern Siberia. For on this day, according to enterprising Japanese newspaper correspondents and the not over-scrupulous War Office, about 200 Japanese held prisoners by the Partisans at Nikolaievsk were put to death to prevent their rescue by the Japanese expedition approaching the town.

To understand the background of what Japanese publicists term the "Nikolaievsk Massacre," one must turn back a few leaves in the history of Allied intervention in Siberia. The Americans landed 7,000 troops there, after President Wilson had reluctantly consented to help the Czechs and to prevent pipe-dream offensives by phantom armies of German prisoners. Meantime the Japanese, who, according to the agreement, were to dispatch a similar force, gradually increased their number until, by the time the armistice was signed, they had a fully equipped army of 70,000 men. Whereas the original declaration of the Allies was that they would not interfere in Russia's internal affairs [though later they openly associated themselves with Kolchak], the Japanese immediately made common cause with bandit leaders of the stamp of Kalmikov and Semionov. These bandit Cossacks and their mercenaries, though nominally fighting for Kol-

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chak and sharing with him a bitter hatred for bolshevism, never went anywhere near the front. It was more profitable and less dangerous to stay behind. Semionov in the Chita region and Kalmikov in the Amur, occupied themselves with robbing and terrorizing the local population. These marauding bands were law unto themselves, recognized no superior, and their ravages, cruelties, and inhumanities beggar description.

To protect themselves from the pillaging expeditions of these butchers, the peasants of all the villages organized themselves, after the fashion of the Minute Men of our own Revolution, into small armed bands ready at all times to defend their homes and loved ones. It must be here noted that these peasant bands or Partisans, as they came to be called, were not a regular fighting body, fought for no political cause, and from their scant acquaintanceship with the Bolsheviki and their doctrines, had a thorough dislike for communistic land ownership schemes.

The Japanese forces, operating with the Semionov outlaws, would pursue these Partisan bands, rob and burn their villages, and wink their eyes while the Cossacks outraged the women who were left behind. The term "prisoners" was unknown in this guerrilla warfare, for so bitter was the enmity between the Partisans and the Cossacks, that to be captured meant to be tortured or, more mercifully, to be shot. The hatred of the peasants for the Japanese abetters of these crimes was intense. There was a great deal of bitterness toward the British, French, and Italians as well; and even a little for the Americans, whose presence there the Russians were completely at a loss to understand, for to them America represented the tradition of freedom. But when the Kolchak adventure, in spite of Allied men, munitions, and money, fizzled away and the British, French, and Americans withdrew, the pent-up hatred and antagonism of the peasants centered about the Japanese, who not only showed no intention of withdrawing, but, on the other hand, increased their forces and made preparations presaging a rather protracted stay.

A look at the map will show that Nikolaievsk is in the northernmost part of inhabited Siberia. It is located at the mouth of the Amur River, which flows into the Sea of Okhotsk. An important trading center, it serves as an outlet for the rich mineral, timber, and fur exports of a vast hinterland. It has no railroad communication and ships can approach it only during the five summer months. From October to May Nikolaievsk might as well be on another planet as far as accessibility is concerned. The port had a Japanese civilian population of between 300 and 400. At this remote, though economically important center, there were stationed towards the end of 1919 about 1,000 Kolchak soldiers and 300 Japanese troops. When the news of Kolchak's collapse reached this region, the Partisan bands gathered together, elected a commander, and decided to liquidate the balance of the old regime. Though these Partisans were not Bolsheviki, they decided to cooperate with the Soviet, in which course they felt lay the only hope for the unity of Russia and the end of foreign intervention. The account of what followed is taken from the report of the commander of this "People's Army."

The Partisans approached Nikolaievsk towards the middle of February. They surrounded the town and placed field pieces on the hills commanding the city. They then sent an emissary with a white flag to request the Japanese to evacuate the city and the White troops to surrender under full amnesty. The emissary was shot by the Japanese, his body mutilated, and the corpse put into a bag and sent back to the commander of the People's Army. A second emissary was then dispatched, again under protection of the white flag of truce. The ultimatum he carried was that the guns of the Partisan forces were trained on the city and that unless the former request were complied with by a certain hour, the city would be bombarded. The People's commander pointed out that he was anxious to avoid the destruction of life and property that must result from such a course. The second emissary was shot by the Japanese and his mutilated body was brought back to the Partisan headquarters in exactly the same way as the first.

The commander then issued the order to train the guns on the Japanese barracks and shell them forthwith. The firing had lasted only a few minutes when the Japanese officer in charge, who had in the meanwhile been in wireless communication with his nearest superior officer at Harbarovsk, ordered the hoisting of the white flag. The Partisans entered the city, the Whites surrendered, and an armistice was drawn up and duly signed between the Japanese and the People's Army. By the terms of this truce, the Japanese were to retire several miles from the city and agreed not to interfere in any way with the local government. No armed Japanese body was to come within a certain distance of the city.

The People's commander goes on to report that everything seemed to have been settled peaceably. The Japanese strictly observed all the clauses of the armistices, and the Japanese officers even became very friendly and obliging to the Partisans. They then asked the People's commander for permission to have Japanese sentries posted along the road to the city. This request was readily granted. It seems everything went well for a few days. Without any warning and in direct violation of the armistice terms, the Japanese, on the night of March 12, overpowered the Russian sentries, secretly marched their entire force into the city, posted guns in front of the building where the Partisan commanding officers were lodged, and at a prearranged signal opened fire. As the occupants tried to escape the torch was applied. The object of this Japanese treachery was to seize control of the town and disarm the Partisan troops. In order to accomplish this more easily, it was planned to kill the Partisan officers, after which the unorganized and undisciplined troops would be easy prey for the Japanese.

Immediately the whole town was awake. Though some of the officers and members of their families were killed or burned to death, a few succeeded in escaping. Gradually the separated units of the Partisans managed to get together and barricades appeared in different parts of the town. Fighting continued incessantly, with the greatest ferocity. The Japanese, fully aware that their treachery had driven the Partisans to desperation, asked for no mercy nor expected it. The Japanese population joined their troops and the battle increased in fury. Gradually the Japanese were forced back until they took refuge in the Japanese Consulate and barracks. The fighting had now lasted forty-eight hours and the casualties had been very heavy. It was then that a white flag appeared over the Consulate and the surviving civilians, about 200 in number, surrendered. To the credit of the Japanese soldiery, it must be said that they all died fighting.

The news reached Japan on April 5, and a relief expedition was immediately organized and dispatched. It landed

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at Alexanderofsk in Northern Sakhalin, seized and occupied the entire district, and waited for the thaw to set in before proceeding to Nikolaievsk. According to Japanese newspaper correspondents who accompanied the expedition, the civilian prisoners were put to death on May 25, by the Partisans, who deserted the town and fled into the mountains a week before the Japanese reliefs arrived. The adjuration, "Do not forget May 25," was found on one of the prison walls by one of the enterprising correspondents. The Japanese claim that when they arrived they found Nikolaievsk deserted and burned to the ground, but the Partisans say that the Japanese destroyed the town by bombardment.

That the Japanese are not entirely guiltless in the matter is conceded even by the rabid militarists who rattle the saber and cry to the heavens for revenge. The War Office claims that the battle of March 12-14 [it uses the word "massacre"] was caused by the Partisan commander serving an ultimatum upon Major Ishikawa demanding the surrender of all the Japanese forces by noon of the following day. The Japanese admit that the next day they attacked the headquarters of the Partisans and after having seized the enemy's ammunition and some field pieces, withdrew into the Japanese Consulate.

The *Yomiuri*, one of the yellowest of the yellow jingo sheets of Japan, attacking the military for their negligence in leaving so small a force at so isolated a place, confessed that the Japanese openly provoked the Russians.

As to the contention of the Japanese that they were attacked, or threatened, or even that an ultimatum had been issued to them to surrender, it should be pointed out here that the Japanese War Office is no stickler for truth when it comes to cooking up a plausible case to justify some contemplated aggression.

Though the facts and circumstances of the Nikolaievsk affair are by no means established, nor has any impartial investigation been held, and though the Japanese have acknowledged a partial responsibility for the fracas, the junkers, expansionists, and the buccaneering military cliques are not going to let a golden opportunity like this slip by them. In Japanese liberal circles the charge is openly made that the whole Nikolaievsk business was a "frame-up" and that the garrison had been deliberately sacrificed by the War Office in order to create one of those "incidents" from which the Japanese have never failed to profit, and through which the military party emerged with new honor, prestige, and the renewed confidence of the nation. From the day the first accounts of the so-called atrocities were published, the newspaper mouthpieces of the military clan have been frothing at the mouth and waxing into ever increasing fury. Their efforts to arouse a mob psychology and their appeals to the passions and martial spirit of the masses have been unprecedented. Patriotic and chauvinistic organizations combined their efforts and worked incessantly. Every method known to propaganda and every available channel was utilized. Three million leaflets, describing the "atrocities" in blood-curdling language, were distributed during one day, in Tokyo, by little school children who were drafted into the patriotic work. Mass meetings were organized and addressed by the nation's most prominent war shouters. Hysterical flag waving and parading of the relatives of the victims abounded. The *Kokumin* (daily) offered prizes to the composers of war songs that would stir up the fighting spirit of the people against the Partisans.

The cry raised on all sides, "Their death shall not be in vain," is significant and portends the future trend of events. For the Japanese militarists who lost their justification for wild Siberian adventures with the fall of Kolchak, have now a highly plausible case. Japan can now be fighting to vindicate her honor, avenge the fallen, and seize what she pleases by way of compensation. This thirst for revenge becomes more comprehensible when we glean some excerpts from the jingo press and publicists. General Sato, undoubtedly inspired by the War Office, puts the case naively:

> But I should like them [the civil officials] to remember how precious human blood is. The blood of only two men secured the lease of Kiaochau and the blood of only thirty-seven men was enough to give Britain the ascendancy in Shanghai. We do not mean to make the most of the blood of 600 people who came to a miserable end at Nikolaievsk, but something must be done that the spirits of those victims may go to rest.

The *Kokumin*, a daily paper, prints this addition to the war-shouting chorus:

> . . . Let the Nikolaievsk garrison remain for ever. Never withdraw them—until Russia and the Russians have repented and apologized, until such compensation as will satisfy the ghosts of our deceased compatriots has been obtained. In the present state of Russia, the occupation of Nikolaievsk must be semi-permanent. . . .

And the *Yorodzu*, another daily, adds:

> Many of our countrymen are always fearful of what other powers may say. . . . Britain is now so fully occupied with Irish and Central Eastern problems that she can scarcely turn her attention elsewhere. America is engrossed in the Presidential election and the Mexican problem. . . . Britain which already owns the greater part of the world, is enlarging her territory more and more, and America is endeavoring to place under her administration Mexico. . . . It is at this juncture that the great massacre at Nicolaevsk has taken place. . . . Unless Japan takes action now, it is to be feared that there is no hope for economic existence. No nation has ever failed to take important action in the face of a serious massacre.

But there is a fly in the ointment of the Japanese imperialists. In spite of the highly organized and munificently financed militarist propaganda, the Japanese people remain woefully apathetic to the cries for revenge, as well as to the grandiose bait dangled before them. This seemingly inexplicable lethargy on the part of the proud, high-strung, and temperamental populace is arousing the ire of the jingos. "How is it the public is unexpectedly quiet over the Nikolaievsk massacre which is unprecedented in the history of Japan?" asks the sensational *Yamato* (daily). "The Japanese have been famous for their patriotism, but if they do not know how to be indignant at the massacre of 700 of their brothers and sisters, their sense of patriotism must be extinct."

The fact of the matter is that the Japanese people, the masses, the middle classes, and a goodly majority of the small group of business men and industrialists, are not only disinterested in the military clique's Siberian schemes, but have resolutely and whole-heartedly favored the complete withdrawal of the Japanese forces from Siberia with the rest of the Allies. They view with consternation the imbroglio into which the War Office has already dragged them and they are bitterly opposed to any further wild goose chases. Nearly all the important, responsible dailies, representing a preponderating majority of public opinion, place the responsibility for the "massacre" at the door of the War Office and insist upon a peaceful settlement of the incident and the withdrawal of the troops. At heart the Japanese people are for peace.

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The Teacher's Real Dilemma

By M. H. HEDGES

THE dilemma of the college teacher lies in the fact that society, organized on a materialistic basis, has committed an idealistic enterprise into his hands. From the school-room window the student looks upon the social scene, the complex suggestions of which, running counter to the teacher's own, are more powerful and more urgent than all the teacher can summon from his own resources or the resources of the past. A friend, a professor of philosophy, not a Hegelian but a pragmatist, says that conferences with many college students convince him that the motivation for indifference to even pragmatic philosophy on the part of college students lies in their conviction that philosophy—the science of the universal—has no bearing on life's main chance, money-getting. Students recently astounded him by depreciating disinterested research in science of any kind. The only scientific research which they thought of value was industrial. Consider this and observe the college student farther.

The undergraduate of American colleges has been pictured an enthusiast; the fact is, he's a stone. An apostate to youth, the psychology books and the general impression notwithstanding, he is neither passionate, nor impetuously loyal, nor exuberant, nor impatient of trammels, nor idealistic. On the other hand, he is prim, correct, frigid in respect to things of the mind; and furtive, indiscreet, bold in reference to his instincts; and covetous and greedy in respect to grades, credits, managerships, class distinctions, and degrees—non-essentials. His favorite word is "pep," and goaded by institutional convention he will stand for hours and shout himself hoarse for a team, but he will callously overlook the birth of the Russian republic, or the pathetic degradation and suffering of the Armenian people. He is intolerant of personal difference and diversity of character and yet clandestinely he will disturb a college assembly with an inopportune alarm clock, asserting a right to personal eccentricity. He is everywhere surrounded by records of the past's greatness, and blindly moves in a present not realized. In the class room he daily examines theories of government and constitutions, while his own social life upon the campus is a specimen of primitive tribal life with taboos, hecklings, mob-contagions, and naive sexual preferences. The fraternity is his tribe; the college his clan; and in parties and "functions," he competes in amorous and pugnacious exploits.

While a whirlwind of social idealism shakes the world, the American undergraduate sits becalmed in an unreal environment, barren of great ideas. As Philo Buck, Jr., has said,

> The young of our colleges are only in the very slightest degree moved by the forces that are aroused today. It is a common phenomenon that in democratic America the young men and women of our colleges and universities should be the last to feel the potency of the influences that so charge our social and political atmosphere. Though in Europe ideas that are threatening a general revolution, that have accomplished more than one revolution, originated with the youth of the universities, here it is the very youth of our universities who are practically immune to the contagion. They at least accept life as it was, or as it is, confident and unthinking optimists without a philosophical creed.

Carleton Parker makes much the same diagnosis.

> Perhaps few fields of activity have been conventionalized as much as university education. Here, just where a superficial theorist would expect to find enthusiasm, emancipated minds, and hope, is found fear, convention, a mean instinct-life, no spirit of adventure, little curiosity, and in general no promise of preparedness. No wonder philosophical idealism flourishes and Darwin is forgotten.

The American undergraduate, so admirable as an individual, is invidious as a social force. Such apathy to ideas is ironical in youth and difficult of explanation. It is easy to attribute this passionlessness to poor teaching. Like master like man. And there can be little doubt that colleges have not always attracted dynamic minds to their staffs. It is easy to attribute it to the curriculum—misplaced emphasis upon the classics; and here again there can be little doubt that the undergraduate meekly listens daily to embalmed knowledge and stereotyped opinions. As yet in the curriculum there has not been much regrouping and massing of subjects round the social idea. Yet if the students possessed curiosity, rightly theirs, magazines would furnish textbooks enough through which to pass into contact with the reality beneath the social convention. The truth is undergraduate apathy is not alone due to poor teaching, or dead subjects, but to causes beyond them and greater.

Education is not, as it has been hitherto conceived, an extra-social process by which society is constantly freshened and transformed. Rather it lies within society and tends to reproduce in miniature the society which has borne it. It perpetuates the tradition which has shaped it. And educational institutions and the faculty and students which compose them are but automata of the social complex; they float, as it were, like atoms upon the sea of general opinion. The educational process set aside for peculiar ends, unless well guarded, will serve only common ends. It may become, if constantly tended, the best of a civilization; and perhaps this is the real meaning of "center of culture," a place where living is cultivated, tended. Or the educational process may grow disorderly and unproductive. It may perpetuate the age's worse tradition.

Examination of the great intellectual traditions to which Americans have been, and are now responsive, reveals the subserviency of the college to the least creative. The American Spirit, imponderable thing though it is, means nothing more than that Americans have expressed themselves either in terms of the pioneer, or in terms of the utilitarian and Puritan. Our complex national type has always been represented by a Columbus, or a Franklin, or an Edwards.

Columbus, eager to test hypothesis by experiment, and to prove truth by experiment, is the symbol of America's pioneer spirit. His superb adventure has been celebrated by Lowell, Lanier, Whitman, and Miller as expressing something peculiarly universal in American life. With his characteristics—impatience with precedent, lively intelligence, bold practicality—we gladly endow our ideal Yankee. It is for these qualities that men like Thomas Edison, John Burroughs, and Mark Twain are said to be national. And whatever have been the shortcomings of the American type, no one can deny, I believe, that the pioneer spirit has ex-

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pressed the best in us, and has represented our finest contribution to civilization.

All the past we leave behind
We debouch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march
Pioneers, O Pioneers!

Now the pioneer spirit has found no place in American colleges and universities except by chance. The innovator has found no friendly environment there. Take literature. The writers universally accepted as most dominantly national—Whitman, Howells, Twain, O. Henry, even Riley and Hamlin Garland—were not college men. "Would the world," inquires William Ellsworth, "have had 'Leaves of Grass' if Whitman had been trained to accept the standards of Harvard University? If Mark Twain had been graduated from Yale, would he, could he have written 'Innocents Abroad' and thrown stones at all idols set up by George William Curtis and Irenaeus Prime?"

The urgent cry of Emerson in the American Scholar was but a petition for the college to espouse the pioneer tradition, the creative tradition in American life. Instead of boldly setting forth on uncharted ways, the college, however, encourages docility and conventional acceptance of what passes for truth. For the college has been left to the Puritan and utilitarian traditions. The mind of a Puritan like Edwards was bi-focally centered upon two ideas: heaven and man's depravity. All his effort was addressed toward getting wicked man out of this world as gracefully as possible. Now this other-wordly mind when invaded by a sense of sin, as the Puritan's mind is, is cleft in two; it lacks the wholeness which is holiness. It is content with an economic order which travesties Christian ethics, while at the same moment it preaches Christian charity as a door which leads out of this vale of tears into the other world. Unluckily the otherworldliness of the Puritan has been the spirit which has haunted the halls of American higher institutions. Unluckily it has furnished atmosphere where transcendental philosophy, speculative economics, furtive morals, unrealistic literature thrives. Realism in thought, economics, ethics, literature or life, the Puritan detests. Art, which always in its expression is the recorder of those moments when a man is at one with himself, the Puritan in his pernicious duality hates, fights, and wishes to destroy.

Out of the world of Franklin, the world of daily ledgers, stocks and bonds, tariffs and embargoes, of sly opportunism and swift expediency, the money-getting world, the American student goes into the atmosphere of otherworldliness, into the world of Edwards, and is expected to hear voices and dream dreams, and gain technique to transform a recalcitrant environment. Franklin, product of a frontier world, assiduously preaching thrift, diligence, and temperance, no doubt saw the only remedy available for economic and social ills of his own time. His stress on individual effort was the best philosophy, perhaps, for the frontier. But projected into the complex modern world, where every kind of device for socialization has been invented, and scientific knowledge of social mind and method awaits practice, the individualism of Franklin with its attendant materialism is pernicious. It is no more adapted to complex modern needs than bowie knife and pistol.

A map of intellectual America, then, shows economic America operating under concepts adapted to a simple, frontier life; academic America, which should be the instrument for transforming and freshening our spiritual life, pursuing passionlessly what might be called celestial propaganda; and pioneer America, our creative life, unorganized and undirected, forced to work alone against the hindering influences of two dominant traditions ill-adapted to social needs. Strictly speaking, we have no indigenous culture. Knowledge taught in schools affects life in small measure or not at all. And it is this disparate spiritual life, a pernicious crossing of aims which makes the teacher's task so anomalous, and which presents the dilemma from which the teacher by his own powers can not find egress.

Somewhere William James remarks, "There is but one unconditional commandment, which is that we should incessantly so to vote and to act as to bring about the very largest total universe of good which we can see." To supply students with a sense of a "total universe of good" that is not fictitious, and to awake in them the will to act in behalf of that universe is, I take it, an educational formula for this generation close to truth.

But the curriculum is clogged so that the great mass of information concerning social good can not be set flowing free into the student's mind, and the channels for arousing and strengthening the creative instinct have not yet been broken. Now as before the institution is far away from the pioneer spirit of its founders. If anything the utilitarian influence has drawn nearer and perhaps is replacing the all but bloodless Puritan ideal. The chances for the colleges to answer the need of this generation, one must reluctantly acknowledge, are small.

"Never in the lifetime of men now living has the universal element in the souls of men burnt so dimly." So says Keynes. Oh, for young men and women to realize this fact! And until they do neither endowment drives, with their promise of higher salary, nor guarantees of restored academic freedom, nor the pleasant *laisser-faire* of collegiate life, will give back to the teacher the joy that is his professional birthright.

In the Driftway

OBERON was in his B. V. D.'s scanning an incipient poem when the Drifter knocked. Oberon was in a rather light-headed mood because he had scanned verse with no nutritive interruptions since breakfast, and he had used the coffee grounds for the fourth time that morning. He is an other-worldly soul who works at architecture when his landlady insists and stops to live and dream when he has saved enough to pay the rent of his piano and his room. He offered the Drifter a choice of chair or bed, produced cigarettes—Oberon is never without cigarettes—and inquired as to the present cost of living in Paris. Oberon had determined to leave America.

* * * * *

IT was all on account of the Madison Square Church. That had been Stanford White's masterpiece in Oberon's eyes—and Oberon had passed his novitiate in White's office. It carried Rome and Renaissance on toward the ultimates. It took five thousand years to achieve that church, said Oberon, and they demolished it in a week. The great green columns had been sold to an insurance company for building stone. The arched dome was gone. Oberon had strayed in when the dome was half broken, and a workman was just chipping at the glass mosaic of the ten command-

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ments. He had tried to dissuade him. Could not the mosaic be saved? "'T ain't worth it" replied the workman, as he broke the sixth commandment. [The Drifter said Oberon was light-headed.] That, Oberon held, was the authentic voice of America. He had another grievance—a bank on Fifth Avenue that had been compelled to take down its splendid columns because they intruded a foot or two onto the legal sidewalk. In Paris the state would have bought the building if necessary to save those columns. In America the orthodox number of inches for a sidewalk, or the declining number of Presbyterians below Times Square, was enough to scrap a thing of beauty. What were Presbyterians and sidewalks in the scale against beauty? Had that church been Roman, Americans would have given hundreds of thousands of dollars to restore a corner of its ruins. Being in America, most Americans never knew it was there. The profession of architecture had no dignity and art no permanence here: Oberon would leave.

As the Drifter rumbled homeward in the subway, he tried in vain to recall Stanford White's masterpiece; he had never noticed it. Oberon was light-headed anyway; if he had had dinner, he would have been more balanced in his judgments. Besides, Oberon is clearly a failure; he scarcely earns enough to keep himself alive. What are his opinions worth?

* * * * *

IT is with mixed feelings that the Drifter regards the moon whenever it is at the full. The moon, at the hands of the softer and pastier story tellers, has probably suffered severer misrepresentation than any of the more tremendous works of nature. And so firmly fixed in the public mind is the tradition that moonlight is romantic that not one writer in a thousand has been courageous enough to tell the truth about this pale, dead disk suspended irritatingly by nothing from nowhere in an otherwise properly lighted sky. It is as if some one were to plunge an arc light into a room modestly and graciously half-lighted by many candles. The moon has nothing of the absorbing variety of the sea; it cannot leap like a waterfall, or sing like a bird, or even wink intriguingly as does a fire-fly. It has no grace, no movement, no color, no sound, nothing at all in fact but an alleged air of mystery—the most press-agented air of mystery since the world began. It is high time that all this absurd nonsense about the moon be stopped short. The Drifter is contemplating a publicity campaign throughout the length and breadth of the land, conducted by the king of chewing-gum advertisements, Mr. William Wrigley, Jr., who is also to manage Senator Harding's campaign, in which he will combat moon-madness, moon-shine, and various other forms of lunacy. No longer shall our calendars be ornamented with tender couples on whom a round, white moon is shining, nor with ships through whose bare rigging the same oyster-colored dinner plate peers unblinkingly. Artemis shall be relegated to her proper place, and the only persons who hear of the moon at all will be the school children who with difficulty master the intricacies of its phases.

* * * * *

THE Drifter sits on the edge of a brook which, as such, is not entirely successful, being composed of about one inch of water and five inches of mud. It does give complete satisfaction, however, by having banks that are delicately blue with forget-me-nots and fragrant with mint. Overhead there is one cloud about the size and shape of an armadillo which the Drifter once saw in an illustrated natural history book. In the green meadow behind him a meditative cow regards the world with a simple and naive stare, and, chewing a mint leaf reminiscently, the Drifter returns her glance. All over the world, he reflects, men are spending and have spent their lives and their treasure in the search either for beauty or for peace, and here are both in abundance. Why has the quest not ended long ago? The answer is obviously that the zest is not in the finish of the race but in the running of it. It is quite plain that the hare had an infinitely more enjoyable afternoon than the tortoise. Men do not want to find beauty but only to look for it; and the search for peace will never end because there is too much fun in the search. Man, at his best, is the most restless of all the animals—the complete antithesis of the cow; he must be up and doing; peace does not satisfy him, rest pleases him only because it makes more activity possible, he labors even harder at his play than at his work. As nature abhors a vacuum, so man abominates a vacation, and instead of gratefully accepting peace when it is thrust at him he strives feverishly to fill the day with as varied and exhausting a series of conflicts as he can concoct, so that at the end of his "rest" period he is glad to return to work as a blessed release from toil. Those of us who yearn for peace are quite evidently wasting our time. The war will never end while Mr. Lloyd George continues to have such a good time at the Peace Conference.

* * * * *

TO the Drifter, as his readers well know, the far corners of the earth have rendered up their secrets freely and frankly. East and West he has visited and has braved even the rigors of the frozen north. This being the case, it follows that he has seen strange things, not the least curious being the many diverse ways the human race has of personal adornment. It remains, however, for the women of his own, his native land to outstrip all their rivals in quaint and esoteric costume—for they wear furs in the summer time! Let it be never so hot; let the city streets fairly writhe under a thick, stifling haze; the belle of New York must wear the hide of some dead animal around her neck, though she may prostrate by sunstroke not herself—for she seems to be made entirely of asbestos—but all the unfortunate persons who cannot avoid seeing her. Between the Maori lady who wears next to nothing because it is hot and the Eskimo lady who wears furs because it is cold, we have somehow arrived at this strange hybrid, whose clothing the Drifter will bet on as the most inconsistent, unreasonable, and altogether preposterous fashion as yet invented.

* * * * *

THERE is hardly a doubt that the young man recently arrested on a charge of stealing fur-lined gloves from a haberdasher's was the unhappy victim of the summer-fur mania. Driven gradually insane by the sight of so many female creatures thus attired, the Drifter can picture the unfortunate youth at first refusing iced-tea for his dinner and insisting on scalding hot soup instead; then buying an extra pair of blankets and a down quilt to cover him at night, and finally—but the Drifter's sanity rests on too precarious a footing in hot weather to pursue the subject further with either pleasure or profit. Let the wearers of summer furs beware! Some day the poor worm with the wilted collar will turn; and a perpetual diet of hot tamales and red pepper would be almost too light a punishment. THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

The Packers' Profit

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation* of July 24 reproduced a letter from Mrs. F. L. Houston, Moores Hill, Indiana, under the heading, "Why Be a Farmer?" This letter asks *The Nation* why the advertisement of Swift & Company was published. Since *The Nation* has not attempted to reply to this question, we take the liberty of suggesting an answer, which we hope will reach Mrs. Houston and the other readers of *The Nation*.

We presume that the reasons that *The Nation* published these advertisements were to obtain the revenue resulting from the sale of advertising space, and to exhibit a spirit of fair play in allowing a corporation that is commonly misunderstood, and that has been unjustly attacked, to present its side of the case.

Mrs. Houston seems to think that the packer is responsible for the great difference between the price of live animals and the price of meats. In the first place, she is comparing the price of live animals with the prices of individual cuts of beef and pork at retail. Swift & Company does not operate retail stores or have anything to do with retail prices. We sell whole animals or large cuts at wholesale, and out of our total proceeds from meats and animal by-products last year we paid 85 per cent for the live animals. Out of the other 15 per cent we had to pay expenses of operating our packing plants, freight on meats to market, operation of branch houses, cost of deliveries to the retailer, etc. Out of this 15 per cent we also had to pay interest and taxes, and derive our profit, which amounted to only 1.15 cents on each dollar of sales, or less than 7 per cent on investment. It is conceded that the packers keep expenses down as low as it is humanly possible; and obviously such a minute profit can have practically no effect on prices.

The reference to 12 cents a pound for fat hogs, and 7 cents a pound for fat cattle, last December, must be a mistake. The average price of hogs in Chicago for that month was over $13.00, and for cattle over $14.00. The choice grades of fat hogs and cattle were bringing over 14 cents and over 21 cents respectively. It must also be borne in mind that when it comes to retail prices, the choicest cuts have to sell at extremely high prices, because they form only a small portion of the live animal, while the rest of the meat sells at much lower prices.

We certainly have "sympathy for the poor," just as have La Follette's magazine, *The Nation*, and the Socialist papers, but since we pay for live stock all that it is humanly possible to pay, considering the price that we get for meat and by-products, we shall have to disclaim responsibility for this situation. In fact, it is universally conceded that the difference between live-stock and meat prices is smaller than it would be if we were not in existence.

L. D. H. WELD, Manager,
Commercial Research Dept., Swift & Company

Chicago, August 5

Patriotism vs. Fanaticism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The opinion of Judge Bourquin on Patriotism or Fanaticism, which appears in *The Supreme Court Reporter* of July 1, 1920, is in keeping with the recent decision of Judge Anderson, and will perhaps help to restore confidence in the judiciary:

"PATRIOTISM OR FANATICISM. An act of the Montana Legislature defining the crime of sedition was held valid by the United States District Court for the District of Montana in *ex parte* Starr, 263 Federal Reporter, 145, and a writ of habeas corpus was denied. The petitioner had been convicted and sentenced to the state penitentiary for not less than 10 years nor more than 20 years at hard labor, and to pay a fine of $500 and costs. In discussing the case Judge Bourquin said:

"'In the matter of his offense and sentence, obviously the petitioner was more sinned against than sinning. It is clear that he was in the hands of one of those too common mobs, bent upon vindicating its peculiar standard of patriotism and its odd concept of respect for the flag by compelling him to kiss the latter—a spectacle for the pity as well as the laughter of gods and men! Its unlawful and disorderly conduct, not his just resistance, nor the trivial and innocuous retort into which they goaded him, was calculated to degrade the sacred banner and to bring it into contempt. Its members, not he should have been punished.

"'Patriotism is the cement that binds the foundation and the superstructure of the state. The safety of the latter depends upon the integrity of the former. Like religion, patriotism is a virtue so indispensable and exalted that excesses pass with little censure. But when, as here, it descends to fanaticism, it is of the reprehensible quality of the religion that incited the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the tortures of the Inquisition, the fires of Smithfield, the scaffolds of Salem, and is equally cruel and murderous. In its name, as in that of Liberty, what crimes have been committed! In every age it, too, furnishes its heresy hunters and its witch burners, and it, too, is a favorite mask for hypocrisy, assuming a virtue which it hath not. So the mobs mentioned were generally the chosen and last resort of the slacker, military and civil, the profiteer, and the enemy sympathizer, masquerading as super-patriots to divert attention from their real character. Incidentally, it is deserving of mention here that in the records of this court is a report of its grand jury, that before it, attempts had been made to prostitute the federal Espionage Law to wreak private vengeance and to work private ends.

"'As for the horrifying sentence itself, it is of those criticized by Mr. Justice Holmes in Abrams' Case, 250 U. S. 616, 40 Sup. Ct. 17, 63 L. Ed. 1173, in that, if it be conceded trial and conviction are warranted, so frivolous is the charge that a nominal fine would serve every end of justice. And it, with too many like, goes far to give color, if not justification, to the bitter comment of George Bernard Shaw, satirist and cynic, that during the war the courts in France, bleeding under German guns, were very severe; the courts in England, hearing but the echoes of those guns, were grossly unjust; but the courts of the United States, knowing naught save censored news of those guns, were stark, staring, raving mad. All this, however, cannot affect habeas corpus. It can appeal to the pardoning power alone.'"

Dover, New Hampshire, July 19 FRANCIS J. MCDONALD

"A Strong Man"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: *The Nation* has taken such a thoroughly patriotic stand in defense of American liberty and against the Administration, that the writer cannot understand how the same paper could denounce the Republican convention. The only way to defeat Wilsonism and the party he represents is by supporting a well-known, thoroughly organized party that stands for the Constitution. No new party can win in this campaign; all votes cast for a new party will only aid the Democrats in securing victory. Hence the only way to bring about a return to pre-war conditions and to make the Constitution the supreme law of the land is to return the Republicans to power. For this presidential election, every patriot ought to set party aside, ignore minor differences in the wording of platforms and choice of candidates [Senator Harding is a strong man and a true American], and vote for the great party that has come out squarely for the maintenance of the Constitution. A Republican victory guarantees for a number of years at least the maintenance of the republic. This period in its history is as crucial a period as in 1832 and 1861; and we need to have *The Nation* and every other great force working for a Republican victory.

Detroit, July 27 HARMON HENRY JONES

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Dr. Friedlaender

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* of August 7, in an editorial paragraph referring to the death of Dr. Israel Friedlaender in the Ukraine, the editorship of a "comprehensive anthology of poems by and about Jews" is ascribed to the murdered professor. For the sake of accuracy it should be pointed out that the compiler of "The Standard Book of Jewish Verse" was Joseph Friedlander, an English Rabbi who spent many years in the United States and who died in Plainfield, N. J., in 1917, not Professor Israel Friedlaender of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America.

Chicago, August 9 S. FELIX MENDELSOHN

Child of Adam

By SCUDDER MIDDLETON

YOU are sick, O child of Adam,
And there is no peace in your house of flesh
Or joy where your engines reel!
You have put your hope in the rods that rust,
You are watching the world through a turning wheel.
You search no more for eternal things
Or infinite splendors locked in your name—
Your hands must touch and your eyes must see.
The music of gold and the heart are the same.

You are sick, O child of Adam!
You glut your flesh but your spirit begs.
You have lost your love of the task well done.
The iron worms of an iron age
Are boring into your breast—
Go follow an unconcerning dream
And heal your soul of this deep unrest!
Give up yourself to the passionate call
Of multiple truth, become aware
Of beauty lodged in the simplest thing
And life aspiring everywhere!

Go and fall in love with a star,
Look at the blood through a tube of glass,
Watch the wedding of earth and seed,
Study the rocks and the green sea-grass,
Send your mind through time to follow
Tangent lines and fugitive numbers,
Build a race from a bit of bone
Found where the asp of Asia slumbers,
Know the motive back of the deed,
Solve the riddle of thought and brain,
Make a world for the sake of man,
Be at ease with the days again!

You are sick, indeed, O child of Adam!
There is only greed where you stand and work,
And hate where your banners go:
The cogs and the gears of your great machines
Are killing the things by which you grow.
Let the wheels run down and the towers crack,
Let the cannon rust and the fires die—
You must learn to wonder again at life
And see again with your inward eye!

Books

The Diplomatic Auction

Balkan Problems and European Peace. By N. Buxton and C. L. Leese. London: George Allen and Unwin.

IN the autumn of 1914 Mr. Noel Buxton was sent to Sofia by the British Government to win Bulgaria's adhesion to the Allied cause. This book contains a reprint of the memorandum submitted to Sir Edward Grey in January, 1915, by Messrs. N. and C. R. Buxton, summing up the general situation in the Balkans at that time and suggesting how they judged it should be handled in the light of fifteen years' previous acquaintance with all the countries concerned. The advice was not followed. "Traditional diplomacy, in fact, maintained its reputation for following the most belated, ineffective, and undignified course." The prime object here is to point out the paths by which a peaceful future for the Balkan States can be best secured, and to show that Bulgaria should not be discriminated against in any final settlement on account of her participation on the side of the Central Powers, since such action was not only against the wishes of a large proportion of her population, but was directly precipitated by the faulty diplomatic action of the Allied Powers.

Throughout modern history the results of Balkan struggles have been controlled by the Great Powers; and out of their clashing policies grew the great war. "The political ambitions of Austria and the economic designs of Germany working hand in hand rendered the *Drang nach Osten* a formidable reality." While on the other hand: "In dealing with Balkan problems the Triple Entente suffered from the disadvantage of inadequate definition both of its aims and of the conditions which held it together. It may be granted that on the side of England at least the primary object was the maintenance of peace; but since the method adopted to that end consisted in countering German policy by lending support to the alliance of France and Russia, Great Britain's interests in many spheres were subordinated to those of her partners, whose aims were not always equally pacific."

At the outbreak of war in 1914, "the Entente's sole opportunity of an early and crushing victory" lay in the Balkans. A glance at the map "reveals that for both sides Bulgaria held the key to the situation. If she sided with the Entente, the Austro-German Oriental policy would be frustrated at a vital point; Serbia's flank would be secure; and, even apart from the advantages which would accrue from her assistance in forcing the Straits, her adhesion would at once give the Western members of the Entente easy access to their Russian ally." Bulgaria could have been induced to fight for the Entente by "a revision of the Treaties of Bucharest and Constantinople, and the substitution of a territorial settlement based on the principle of nationality." But Russia vacillated as to Bulgarian participation, since "after the war Russian ministers did not want to find a strong Bulgaria or Rumania barring the way to Constantinople." The fear of alienating Serbia and Greece also deterred the Allies from energetic action, though "it was the only real method of helping Serbia immediately and effectively." In short, definite demands were made on the Bulgarian Government, but no definite statement of the Entente's intentions could be obtained by them in return. The British Foreign Office, "though warned repeatedly of the certainty that Bulgaria, if not dealt with by the Entente, would be forced to resort to Germany with disastrous results for Serbia, hesitated under the influence of rival pressures, and sought safety in not committing itself to either policy, thus irritating both sides at once."

The ramifications of the case were many, and the chapter dealing with them is aptly called The Diplomatic Auction. "From a military point of view the failure of the Allied diplomacy in the Balkans was a disaster of the first magnitude. The

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defection of Bulgaria sealed the doom of the Dardanelles Expedition and left Serbia without help from her Allies against the great Austro-German drive in the autumn of 1915. It gave the Central Empires control of the corridor to the East and enabled German munitions and German officers to be dispatched to the assistance of the Turkish forces in Palestine and Mesopotamia. Most decisive of all, it put an end to every hope of opening up communication between Russia and her Western Allies. . . . If Bulgaria had been gained for the Entente in the autumn of 1915 the war could not have lasted for three years longer."

The main bone of contention in the Balkans continues to be Macedonia, since the sympathies of the mass of the population there are Bulgarian. A solution of the problem by plebiscite "would allow the frontiers of Serbia, Greece, and Bulgaria in Macedonia to be drawn with the maximum of justice to all parties." Though the difficulties in the way of equitable settlement on many other points are great, they should not prove insuperable. "For some time, if not for ever, the struggle between Russia and the Teutonic Powers for Balkan hegemony is at an end. But the immediate decision which the Balkan states themselves have to make is between the perpetuation of the same evil by assisting or opposing French and Italian Imperialism and the development of cooperation one with another, aiming ultimately perhaps at some form of federation which will enable them to live, not merely in harmony together, but on terms of equality with the Great Powers themselves. If territorial questions are settled on the principle of nationality and self-determination, a Balkan Federation becomes possible. The advantages which the Balkan nations would derive from its establishment are too obvious to need elucidation, while the benefits which would accrue to the other European Powers from the promulgation of a Monroe Doctrine for the Peninsula are equally undeniable."

B. U. Burke

The Tenth Muse Today

A Modern Book of Criticism. Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. Boni and Liveright. (The Modern Library.)

THE tenth Muse today is the Muse of Criticism. Anyone indifferent to Sainte-Beuve and Hazlitt who was unaware that the nineteenth century brought discussion of books to the level of an exciting and difficult art needs to read this brilliant little collection of forty-seven critical essays from twenty-five contemporary or recent writers in France, Germany, Great Britain, and America. He will not meet all the souls here who make expeditions these days among masterpieces, but he will meet twenty-five souls of a distinct, important, impassioned stamp; and that will be a sufficient beginning.

Mr. Lewisohn's exclusions have been made on the strength of a theory that a certain kind of criticism, represented once in France by Ferdinand Brunetière and now in the United States by Irving Babbitt, Paul Elmer More, and Stuart P. Sherman, fails to be criticism at all by virtue of its "icy and cosmic arrogance" toward free-playing creative genius and its preoccupation with everlasting morals and the aesthetic status quo. That kind of critic Mr. Lewisohn shuts out in favor of his own more flexible, young-hearted, unmoral kind. His book is nothing less than a libertarian manifesto against authoritarianism in the appraisement of art; it is a manifesto because all of the critics whom he includes are as acutely concerned as he is with the theory and province of criticism, and because all of them are hotly in accord with him and with one another.

To students of criticism as an art there appears less difference between the libertarians and the authoritarians than Mr. Lewisohn supposes and insists there is. The issue really seems to be not so much between impeccable impressionism and stone-blind authority as between two fairly mature yet naturally fallible schools of impressionism. Stone-blind authority died at least as far back as Thomas Rymer, and since Sainte-Beuve there has been little trace of it among critics whom people have read. For virtually a century the art of criticism has been the art of standing significantly between poet and audience, of straining creative genius through sensitive, intelligent personality; the more important the personality, of course, the more important the criticism. Connoisseurs of critical personality as such will miss Mr. More and Mr. Sherman in this volume, inasmuch as they are men of a particularly vivid and dramatic force. They have invoked tradition and transcendental common sense perhaps indefensibly, but they have invoked them powerfully; they have carried more intelligent young men into Plato's heaven than Wilhelm Dilthey and John Cooper Powys, to name two nonentities in Mr. Lewisohn's volume, will ever even interest. As critics with creative capacities they at least deserve some such tribute from their enemies as Jules Lemaître once paid to Brunetière: "What pleases me in the severest article of M. Brunetière is M. Brunetière . . . I am careful not to wish him a little indulgence, a little frivolity, a little depravity. He could not but lose thereby."

However all that may be, the critics whom Mr. Lewisohn does put in his collection speak for the most part superbly. France on the whole has the best of it, with Anatole France, Jules Lemaître, and Remy de Gourmont on her list. The limpid perfection, the smiling, almost grimacing superiority of the first two is irresistible; veins of precept and anecdote run exquisitely through their pages like veins in a leaf when held to the light; while the third, more a scientist, analyzes the literary process as only a Frenchman can—which is to say, all too completely. Germany, except in Friedrich Hebbel's arresting, arousing aphorisms and Hugo von Hofmannsthal's intensely democratic and imaginative interpretation of the modern reader, has perhaps the worst of it. Wilhelm Dilthey, Johannes Volkelt, Richard Moritz Meyer, Richard Mueller-Freienfels, and Alfred Kerr are sluggish and abstract. They deliver solemn platitudes *in vacuo* without so much as the mention of an author or a title to point their path. They are ponderously involved in the metaphysics of poetry, in the maze of Memory and Imagination, in the inner and the outer of all art. And they are heavily endowed with a sense of election; they wage class war against Philistinism. The British fall somewhere between the Germans and the French. George Moore is feline in his grace, Bernard Shaw is as precise as lightning, Arnold Bennett succeeds at being casual, like the agreeable literary drummer that he is; but Arthur Symons delicately muddles, John Galsworthy is commonplace, and John Cooper Powys, it is enough to remark in his own foolish words, is one of those who wait while "'the still small voice' of the music of the universe, sad and sweet and terrible and tender, drifts in upon us, over the face of the waters of the soul."

The American section is full of battle and scorn and longing—battle against bad critics, scorn of our imperfect national culture, and longing for a day when the Philistine, to quote Mr. Lewisohn, will "be forced, despite himself, into an uneasy awareness of the poverty of his own soul." The most affecting protest against our materialism and general aridness is found in Van Wyck Brooks's beautiful, aching pages of challenge to the best that there may be in the American imagination—though just how fitted Mr. Brooks may be, by a wide and realistic sympathy, for knowing that best as soon as it becomes also the most characteristic, one may wonder. James Huneker, infinite as to his acquaintances, unrolls a canvas spangled with allusion but hardly lighted through with thought. J. E. Spingarn, with a scholar's equipment which most of the others do not display, ably vindicates the right of poetry to be criticized by poetical minds, and traces historically the idea about the critic that he should judge the poet upon what he is known to have intended rather than upon what it is thinkable he should have intended. H. L. Mencken goes for Puritan "gabble" in his usual burly, hirsute manner, prodigally dropping lustrous, useful phrases by the way. Mr. Lewisohn's two essays show him, as always, fer-

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tilely engaged in integrating literature with life. The late Randolph Bourne is represented by a bitter survey of America's cultural and critical shortcomings under "the terrible patronage of bourgeois society," ending with the forecast of a new classicism that will embody "power with restraint, vitality with harmony, a fusion of intellect and feeling, and a keen sense of the artistic conscience."

But of course this is more or less the vision of all critics who think. Paul Elmer More and Stuart P. Sherman could approve it to the last syllable. Indispensable as right doctrine is to a critic, still the test of criticism lies as truly in its various particular judgments as that of a general lies in his campaigns, not in his programs. To have formed critical principles upon the practice of Balzac and still to understand and appreciate Flaubert or Mark Twain; to have loved Virgil and Milton and Goethe and still not be shocked by Whitman or Edgar Lee Masters; to have been a disciple of Molière without snubbing Ibsen and Shaw when they appear—this is to be a critic gloriously. And such flexibility—though indeed no moral obligation—implies more than firm opinions, more than the noblest learning; it implies a largeness of soul which has converted doctrines into second nature, as a child has learned, by first taking thought, to walk without thinking any further of his little devices for equilibrium, so that he can walk now wherever men walk.

C. AND M. V. D.

The Case Against Violence

Is Violence the Way Out? By John Haynes Holmes. Dodd, Mead and Company.

MR. HOLMES is nothing if not forthright. His mind works through his topic from start to finish with a steady momentum; there is no beating about the bush, no dallying *finesse* of language, no straining after mere rhetorical or stylistic effect. The man is out—all the time and without letting up—for a verdict; and even if you are not convinced, you instinctively recognize that you have been listening to the passionate and able pleading of an incorruptible mind. Here Mr. Holmes is on his own peculiar beat. With characteristic consistency the man who declined to countenance the use of force in the settlement of international disputes now sets out to show how futile and how disastrous the attempt to settle industrial conflicts by opposing force to force is bound to be. He has a hard row to hoe. Mankind is soaked in the ideology of conflict and supposes that the proper way of solving a problem is by an appeal to fisticuffs. After centuries of experience this absurd fallacy appears to be as deep-laid in human nature as ever; not even the fiasco of Versailles and the post-war chaos seem to have taught us wisdom. But soon or late we shall discover that no dispute is settled which has been ended by the victory of one party and the defeat of the other. Fighting only shelves and never solves our problems. All this Mr. Holmes has no difficulty in showing; and it is well that in this little book he should once more have stated the case plainly and conclusively.

Now if Capital and Labor are not to fight, what is there for them to do? Mr. Holmes says there is a "best" way which he does not expect the rival factions to take. It asks too much of them—more good-will, more forgiveness, more renunciation than either side is capable of. This best way, the way that Jesus would take, Mr. Holmes sets aside not as impracticable but as too difficult for the combatants in their present state of mind; he would say that in the end it is the only practicable way. But failing the best way, there is a way still better than fisticuffs. Under it there are three measures: the establishment of Industrial Courts (concerning which Mr. Holmes himself is not very sanguine), the formation of a political Labor Party, and the diffusion of the cooperative movement. The most hopeful by far is the last. Even in England, where the Labor Party is well organized and articulate, the most significant movement at the present time is the creation of the Builders' Guilds, the self-organization of the workers for production. The growth on the one hand of cooperative distributing societies, retail and wholesale, and the growth on the other of new cooperative productive societies will do more to establish an equitable social order than any political activity will do; for the cooperative movement will meet the capitalistic industrial system on its own ground, which is after all the only ground upon which it can supersede it. Let us have our Labor Parties by all means; but the process of social change has shifted bodily into the economic field. In the transition from old to new, political parties certainly will play second fiddle.

But the importance of this little book lies not so much in its advocacy of a policy as in its plea for a different temper in industrial relations. When all is said and done, there is no industrial maladjustment that will not yield to quiet reason and unyielding good-will; and the mere facing of concrete situations in even temper will do more to prepare for and formulate the needed policies of change than all the fighting in the world.

R. R.

Conscientious Objection in the British Empire

The Psychology of Conscientious Objection. By C. Egerton Parry. London: C. W. Daniel, Limited.

Handed-Over. By J. Scott Duckers. London: C. W. Daniel, Limited.

Armageddon or Calvary. By H. E. Holland, M.P. Wellington, New Zealand.

I Appeal Unto Caesar. By Mrs. Henry Hobhouse. London: George Allen & Unwin, Limited.

IN England, conscientious objection came to mean more than a thorn in the side of the military. It outgrew its mere un-orthodoxy and developed into a doctrine against conscription. From labor organizations, in Parliament, among English men of letters, and even from the war-hypnotized clergy the idea eventually received a certain measure of intelligent response. Thus the objector's position in England, unlike that in America, had a quality of modernity which gave it a definitely constructive force. Yet this note of timeliness was absent in the literature of the conscientious objector himself. His books are perhaps more important as historical data than as interpretative or critical contributions to the philosophy of the subject. Most impressive is the fact that they reveal the objector as the same being the world over. With ironic consistency he was reviled and besmirched and mistreated in all countries alike for acting upon the principle of international amity. It is, on the whole, unfortunate that this literature is devoted either to a recital of experiences or to a religious defense of conscience. No objector has given us a book of profound searching or of scathing satire—no book that is commensurate with the inspiring quality of his actions. Conscientious objection is not adequately justified by apologias for religious pacifism. Its expression needs a virile social note—a note of revolt and nausea, of contempt and burning skepticism. And the objector, it will be acknowledged, has the right to speak.

"Armageddon or Calvary" is a record of New Zealand's objectors. It contains some able statements by both religious and political offenders, besides relating a number of prison experiences, particularly in British detention camps in France. "Handed-Over" is the capable account of a solicitor of Chancery Lane who suffered imprisonment with good-humor and with a keen eye for the innumerable absurdities and pettinesses of the military when confronted by a problem for which the guard-manual provided no ready solution. "I Appeal Unto Caesar" was published during the war. It is a history of cer-

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tain English objectors, with valuable data concerning their numbers and classification. Some humane notes by Lord Parmoor, Lord Hugh Cecil, the Earl of Selbourne, and Lord Henry Bentinck leave the American reader ashamed to think that objectors are still serving long-term prison sentences at Fort Douglas and at Alcatraz Island. Mr. Parry's book is of another stamp. It is written in the spirit of utterly uncompromising Christian zeal and breathes an absolute scorn. The unregenerate of this world have reaped what they have sown. To establish the Kingdom of God among men we need to give precise and unalterable fidelity to the commandments of the Lord and to Jesus Christ; to believe in love above all else and in obedience to divine laws. It is written with shrewd logic and with occasional telling insight into present day fatuities. The argument, despite its archaic flavor, its hopelessly antiquated idealism, holds its own by some unreal sanity. Its manner often has an unexpected pertinency, an embarrassing appositeness. Sheer simplicity and bitter-end unworldliness carry conviction today if they did not six years ago.

America has thus far produced nothing like these volumes. It is true we are not without a literature of objection; but one needs to go back for it to Thoreau in his essay on "Civil Disobedience," to passages in Whitman, or to the isolated work of the late Randolph Bourne—unless indeed one wishes to soothe himself with elegant bits of chamber music like this from Woodrow Wilson: "It [the Bible] reveals every man to himself as a distinct moral agent responsible not to men, not even to those men whom he has put over him in authority, but responsible to his Lord and Maker. Whenever a man sees this vision he stands up a free man; whatever may be the government under which he lives, he sees beyond the circumstances of his own life."

RODERICK SEIDENBERG

George Santayana

Little Essays Drawn from the Writings of George Santayana. By Logan Pearsall Smith. With the Collaboration of the Author. Charles Scribner's Sons.

AMONG the spiritual adventures of our age not the least memorable is this: that a Spanish child was brought to the United States, grew to manhood here without yielding by a hair's breadth to the forces of his environment, studied and taught philosophy for a number of years, wrote the most perfect English prose yet produced on this continent, and retired to the bosom of that Latin civilization which only his body, never his heart and mind, had left. Nor was it America alone that had no power to touch the mind of George Santayana. That style of bronze and ivory, those ripe and classical locutions, those severe felicities, serve to express a noble and melancholy gesture of disdain for all the intellectual turmoil, the eagerness, the restless striving, the inexpugnable romanticism of the Germanic world. Protestantism is, in Mr. Santayana's eyes, an "underlying Teutonic mood" which "is anterior to Christianity and can survive it;" the "philosophical incoherence" of Shakespeare makes this thinker "wonder whether the Northern mind, even in him, did not remain morose and barbarous at its inmost core." The mental flexibility and creative impulse that would reexamine the grounds of knowledge, rechart the seas of life, and build the world anew, both seem to Mr. Santayana mere "visionary insolence." He watches the seething barbarians as a gentleman of ancient lineage may watch the antics of a noisy upstart.

In the world seen through his temperament philosophy is the explication and support of one great tradition. He is a Christian Stoic. A finely balanced blending of Pagan freedom with Christian symbolism seems to him the note of that Latin civilization which he holds to be the only civilization of the Western world. Within it life has been charted and its values long known and declared; within it freedom of mind can be attained by "a reasonable deference" to a perfect religion that has "the graciousness and naturalness of an ancestral accent," and human existence can be wholly sweet and decorous. Beyond it the heathen rage. In the life of reason which flourishes only within that great tradition there is possible "a consistent moral attitude toward all things of this world," a "hierarchy of goods and evils," and a religion which, since it "seizes the essence of human life, ought to be eternal"; in that charmed realm no one doubts the claim of traditional morality since it "speaks for a typical human will chastened by a typical human experience," and hence to the ripe and detached mind dwelling there "orthodoxy must always appear right and heresy wrong;" there, finally, men abstain from wild quests and vain yearnings, but are content with "food, children, victory, knowledge" and are willing to live and to die for these. It is true that even there "religious doctrines would do well to withdraw their pretensions to be dealing with matters of fact." But woe to the indecorous rationalist who would attack those doctrines for that reason and disregard the precious "habits of thought" from which they sprang.

This cultural vision constitutes the center of Mr. Santayana's philosophy. Its fringes and outlying wastes tell a bleaker and more elemental story in which all values are relative, patriotism is subordinate to both happiness and truth, and the whole need of morality is derived from the existence of pain and danger and the consequent occasions of pity. But, like smaller men, he can keep his cosmic vision and his unrelenting analysis from surging into the cultural and artistic picture of life which he desires to be the temporal dwelling of his soul. He needs Plato and St. Thomas Aquinas, a cathedral whose paintings bring to his eye the ancient pact of Rome and Galilee, and an old peasant woman lighting a candle at St. Anthony's altar. His heart is filled with the splendor of the continuity and universality of that great tradition in which he and the peasant woman, the life of reason and the life of faith, can be equally contented and at home.

The heathen—Americans, English, Germans—are so in their "moral and essential nature" because they do not acknowledge the sufficingness of the great Roman-Christian tradition. They are heathen because "they possess no authoritative wisdom, or reject the authority of what wisdom they have." Their minds, like Shelley's, are "thoroughly disinherited," and they have been led astray by the "malicious psychology" of the group of thinkers who, from Hume to Kant, sought to analyze the processes and limitations of human knowledge. Thus the heathen have become discontented with the institutions which seem to Mr. Santayana noble with age and drenched with the savor of living; they reject the moral allegory of Christianity and the order and finished beauty which, since they profoundly satisfy his sensibilities, he identifies in the terms of so sovereign an eloquence with the life of reason.

To establish the fallacy of this sharp division of Western mankind into Latin and heathen is, on its own philosophical ground, not difficult. Mr. Santayana's heathen is a pure fiction of controversial and poetic origin. No man, Latin or Germanic, rejects "authoritative wisdom," for the plain reason that none exists. So soon as we exclude, as Mr. Santayana unequivocally does, the hypothesis of revelation, no wisdom can have the attribute of absolute and permanent authoritativeness. It is true that the great scriptures of mankind contain a vast fund of human experience. It is equally true that the authors of these scriptures constantly misinterpreted both the facts and the character of experience through want of knowledge and through theological inhibitions of thought. Hence it is not unreasonable to make the first note of a civilized mind the critical impulse to sift this funded experience and to reject partially or wholly the chart of life derived from it. Barbarism may even be held to reside in accepting the validity of a moral symbolism and a cosmic poetry which arise largely and demonstrably from the fears and the pathetic errors of primitive man and display,

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in every active influence on human life, some trace of their lowly and irrational origin. The life of reason, far from straining to find new grounds for old traditions, however venerable and beautiful, might rather be thought of as residing in a re-examination of human experience as well as of the world which is the theater of that experience. Thus only, to avoid the ugly word progressive, can its activity be a creative one; thus only can it increase the harmony between man and nature and the fitness for human habitation of the institutions of organized society. It is not from Mr. Santayana's reason, however, but from his temperament that these simple considerations are excluded. "Few revolutionists would be such," he says in connection with Shelley, "if they were heirs to a baronetcy." That moment of petulance betrays him. He loves order, antiquity, decorum—the broken shrine, the wayside cross, the verses of Lucretius, the rich phrases of the Roman liturgy. Despite the magnificent and searching sagacity of a thousand isolated sayings, his philosophy is not a philosophy at all, but a spiritual epic in praise of all those forms of life and beauty which early secured his instinctive loyalty and love. It is the Divine Comedy of a great artist forsaken in an alien age by both verse and God, but building on the frontiers of heathendom a last rampart to guard the ideals which he would make as imperishable as he believes them to be excellent.

L. L.

Miniatura

Miniatura, or The Art of Limning. By Edward Norgate. Oxford University Press.

NO book could have a more tantalizing recommendation to the curious than the suggestion that it would have amused Lamb. It will appear no idle speculation to those well acquainted with Lamb's love of whimsical and recondite flavors in literature that he would have welcomed Norgate's "Miniatura" among his "midnight darlings," old Fuller, and Burton, and Browne. Norgate is unquestionably of their company. He speaks their quaint seventeenth-century syllables; he has a turn for pedantry, checked, one feels, by his slender store of reading; he is gossipy; he is nice; he loves God; and he has a pious respect for his art and for the gentry of England to whom his treatise is dedicated. It is doubtful if Lamb knew Norgate's manuscript, though it is quite possible; but he must have known the amusing story of Norgate which Fuller tells with so much zest in the "Worthies." At any rate, Norgate's cranium is stuffed with just the content that made Elia's lucubrations over half-forgotten authors so delightful to himself and to us.

The "Miniatura" is now most ably edited by Mr. Martin Hardie, who has devoted years of attention to the early history of miniature painting, and who has exhaustively studied the complicated problem of manuscripts closely related to Norgate's. Norgate's treatise, apart from its curious personal interest, is a valuable document in miniature portrait painting and in much that pertains to art methods generally in the middle of the seventeenth century.

The treatise begins with a list of colors to be used in miniature painting, many of them unfamiliar by name at least to the generality of contemporary artists. Such minute and complicated directions are given for the processes involved in the preparation and working of these colors that patience would seem to have been the chief virtue of a seventeenth-century miniature painter. There is one costly recipe for ultramarine to be used in the imitation of sapphires. As it calls for a goodly quantity of lapis-lazuli, an artist, if he concocted the recipe often, would require a purse-heavy patron indeed. After these preliminaries, Norgate sets forth a method of miniature painting which seems almost fool-proof in its promise of successful results. The painting proceeds by set stages. At the last sitting the painter must catch the likeness. He must "by occasion of Discourse" (presumably witty or spirited) induce his sitter to regard him "with a merry, Joviall, and frindly aspect." In the mixing of tints, Norgate prescribes four recipes to be used for the complexions of "young Infants, faire Virgins, women of middle age, and old men and women of salow, leane, and leather complexions"; as for apparel, both the Italian and English way of "making" it is explained.

Norgate defines landscape naively as "a beautiful prospect of Fields, Cities, Rivers, Castles, Mountaines, Trees, or what soever delightfull view the Eye takes pleasure in." As to the origin of pure landscape (i. e., apart from its use merely as background) he hasn't the slightest doubt that it came about according to the story he tells of an Antwerp painter. A traveler "recountes the adventures of his long Journey, and with all what Cities he saw, what beautifill prospects he beheld in a country of a strange scitiation, full of Alpine rocks, old Castles, and extraordinary buildings, etc. With which relation (growing long) the prompt and ready painter was soe delighted as, unregarded by his walking freind, he layes by his worke, and on a new Table begins to paint what the other spake, describing his description in a more legible and lasting character then the others words. In short by that time the Gentleman had ended his long discourse, the Painter had brought his worke to that perfection, as the Gentleman at parting, by chance casting his eye that way, was astonisht with wonder to see those places and that Countrey soe lively exprest by the Painter as if hee had seene with his eyes or bene his Companion in the Journey." What possibilities of glowing collaboration Turner and Ruskin missed! Or to cavort speculatively into Futurism, what a chance for Matisse and Gertrude Stein!

The landscapes of Rubens Norgate thought the most perfect ever done, especially the Aurora. He knew Rubens personally, and mentions an interesting conversation he once had with the Flemish master apropos of drawing the nude figure from a living model. This method of study was apparently unknown in the English schools at that time, for Norgate speaks of it as a way of designing in Italy and France, where in the middle of the room "a hired long-sided Porter or such like is to be set, stand, or hang naked sometimes in a posture for two or three houres." The "hang" posture suggests a Porter not only long-sided but long-enduring. Norgate condemns "these dull tedious and heavy wayes" of studying drawing as presupposing "animam in digitis." Drawing should be for the service of painting and not an end in itself. Norgate here scents a danger which has beset academies ever since.

Art divorced from a rather literal transcript of nature was for Norgate an unpardonable heresy. "Doe not affect the extravagant humer of those our late Dutch masters that soe powder their workes with blewish, greenish and purple shadowes, never to bee seene in the Life nor anywhere else for any good or wise workman to Ymitate. Nor are our Italians free from this affectation. Old Bassano, in this time and way an excellant Master, yet was he soe affected to stuffe his pieces with pots, pans, tubs, kettles, Cats and Dogs, that his great Historye of the Deluge in the Gallery at St. James seemes rather a confused or disordered kitchen than Noah's Flood nor can you find water enough in all that dry Deluge to drowne his Dog." Even in the midst of his cut-and-dried recipes for colors, Norgate brings himself up with the reminder that he must avoid dogmatism and counsel no absolute and general rule. Nature must be the painter's best director.

In several passages Norgate feels constrained to defend art from traductions which doubtless emanated from the Puritans. Of landscape he maintains that it is "of all kinds of painting the most innocent, and which the Divill him selfe could never accuse of Idolotry." He says again that art, "by Ignorance and *Bestie chi Parlono*, is undeservedly traduced as idolatrous, impious, or impertinent. For all which silly and mallitious aspersions a better vindication you cannot have than that of

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St. Gregory Nazianzen, *Solet enim Pictura tacenti in pariete loqui maximque prodesse.*" But this probably contained little beatitude for the bleak vision of the Puritan. Norgate himself had no very high conception of painting as one of the supreme creative arts, but looked upon "Painting in generall" as "Lace and Ornament." In a quaint sentence near the end of the treatise, he commends art as a cloistered refuge from the world, the flesh, and the devil: "In the practize . . . [of Art] . . . there is gotten an honest, harmles, and innocent expense of time in a sweet and contented retirement from the Tintamara and illecebra of this drunken, perishing, and ending world, which, if ever, is now *positus in Maligno*, besides a happy privation and escape from that *Diavolo meridiano* or noone day devill, ill Company, the bane and ruine of many a rare witt and ingenious spirit, irrevocably lost in this sink of cities." Is not this the very "O altitudo" accent of Sir Thomas Browne?

GLEN MULLIN

Books in Brief

WHETHER or not one agrees with the conclusions presented by Mr. P. Whitwell Wilson, one must appreciate the good temper and moderation with which he argues "The Irish Case before the Court of Public Opinion" (Revell). Appealing as he professedly does to Americans, he points out with much skill and even tact that they have little right to assume an attitude of superior righteousness or to point the finger of scorn at British sinners. No nation is perfect; each one may profitably consider its own faults before trying to pick flaws in its neighbors. Less happy is he when he sets out to prove that, since 1834, the British have acted like a race of disinterested philanthropists, nobly rescuing the Irish from an ignorant, immoral, un-English pauperism. Far from having grievances, the Western islanders are receiving a handsome subsidy from their generous friends; they are over-represented in Parliament, they are undertaxed—and yet the ingrates howl for release from their gilded cage. Every luxury that money can buy, from a Royal Constabulary to a (slightly damaged) Home-rule Bill, has been lavished upon them, with no result but to make them more spoiled than ever. They still cry for the moon of independence, though they ought to know that it is quite impossible for England to grant them that. The Empire's vital interests demand that Erin shall be kept in the family circle, for if she once got loose, there is no knowing what a menace she would be. Moreover, England has every right to keep her. But is it a question of England's right to make her neighbors miserable, and not rather of her interest to make them happy? Mr. Wilson admits that the Sinn Feiners are fomenting trouble for Britain all over the globe, in India, in Egypt, in South Africa, in America. What more could they do were they perfectly free? Can four million Gaels really menace the mightiest Empire in the world, a hundred times richer and more populous, and just now flushed with triumph and victor of a gigantic war? Mr. Wilson tries to show that the United States gave Cuba no real independence, but only a sort of home rule. Let England make with her neighbor a treaty modeled on the American treaty with Cuba, and she will soon find the Irish as friendly to her as the Cubans are to us.

THE Greys of Northumberland are one of a number of aristocratic English families in which it is a tradition to serve the state. General Sir Charles Grey of Fallodon, the first earl of the family, was a veteran of four wars; his son Charles was Earl Grey of Reform Bill fame; a grandson, Henry, the third earl, was an ardent free trader and as Colonial Secretary in Lord John Russell's ministry had much to do with the extension of responsible government to the British colonies; a great grandson, the fourth earl, was Governor-General of Canada; and a lineal descendant in the next generation is the present Viscount (form-

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erly Sir Edward) Grey. The career of the second earl is the subject of Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan's "Lord Grey of the Reform Bill" (Longmans, Green). Apart from an inadequate and unfinished biography, begun by his children and published sixty years ago, this is the only life of the Reform Bill premier. In it the author maintains his high reputation as a biographer and historian. To an intimate knowledge of the material, printed and manuscript, which bears upon his theme, and a thorough grasp of the aristocratic politics of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century, he adds a literary craftsmanship that enables him to diffuse the atmosphere of a bygone age. He has not been seduced from the path of historical virtue by that besetting vice of biographers, hero worship. Of Grey's maiden speech in the House of Commons, delivered in opposition to Pitt's Commercial Treaty with France, he says: "Thus, by a brilliant piece of invective on the wrong side of a question that he did not understand, the young man from Northumberland at twenty-two years of age became one of the most envied in that most enviable of all the aristocracies of history." In his attitude toward parliamentary reform Grey has been accused of opportunism and lack of conviction. It is true that after Pitt's bitter persecution of the reformers in the closing years of the eighteenth century, Grey, like his beloved leader Fox, ceased from agitating what seemed a hopeless cause. But Mr. Trevelyan shows from hitherto unpublished documents that long before he became prime minister Grey had made up his mind that when reform came it must be no temporizing or half-hearted measure. To condemn him and his aristocratic colleagues for betraying the cause of democracy in 1832, as some writers have done, is to give evidence of distorted historical vision. The remarkable thing about the Reform Bill is not that it went no farther along the road to democracy, but that it went so far. For this Mr. Trevelyan gives the credit chiefly to Grey.

THE will to frisk is not wanting in clergymen. In "The Bad Results of Good Habits and Other Lapses," by J. Edgar Park (Houghton Mifflin), it takes the form of a demure skittishness that, while never hazarding decorum, unmistakably registers gaiety. The chief drawback of Mr. Park's "lapses," however, is that they do not genuinely lapse; their brightness serves but to illuminate a lesson. No matter with what abandon they begin, they inevitably reach a mood of high moral tension, an edifying "must" or "must not" at the close. Freudians would doubtless say that the jocose "libido," here escaping from professional suppression, was rigidly controlled by a "censor" which disguised each bright jest in the garb of a sermon. As lay-sermons on the favorite themes of humility, sincerity, and human kindness, Mr. Park's relaxations avoid the too facile generalization which is the usual fault of the type. Such papers as Unorthodox Interpretations and the Disadvantages of Being Good show him fertile in instances and ready with anecdote. Yet they breathe a certain serene remoteness from dust and heat. Like one writing from the sunny side of the moon, Mr. Park sees the surfaces of life in a silvery light reflected from his own circle. His wit is clearly made in the study; it has about it what Mark Twain calls "the earmarks of premeditation." The incongruities on which it depends are incongruous only to the sheltered, the over-refined, the not greatly daring. In contrast with the good gigantic smile of Mark Twain, it lacks what closet wit must always lack, an earthy and living contact with men and women.

MR. AUSTIN HARRISON is unfortunate enough to live in a between-age. Actually he belongs to the Victorian era, but his generation and his intelligence will not leave him at peace, and push him into a rather uncomfortable ultra-modern attitude. A good fighter, he should have been young enough to go to the war; an able writer, he should be old enough to be philosophical. But neither of these things has been his lot and the result is the suggestion of exasperation and dissatisfaction throughout the whole of the collection of articles entitled "Before and Now" (Lane). French in all his sympathies, he tilts lustily against the English public school system, against authority and the castes, against British lack of order and the principle of muddling through, against the discomfort of English hotels and English railway traveling. Here and there is a tribute to British common sense, but on the whole Mr. Harrison despairs rather fractiously of his nation. And so genuinely unhappy is this despair that the despairing itself seems rather futile. Mr. Harrison sits down by the waters of Babylon and grouses, but he hardly contemplates a future leaving of Babylon and getting comfortably home again. Of all his essays the musings at Fort Vaux are the most illuminating, because they are at once the most sincere, the least preconceived.

SWINBURNE'S dream of a vast survey of the dramatists of the Tudor and Stuart period which should "render future critical excursions in that direction useless and indeed impossible" was destined to remain but partially realized. At the time of his death, besides the separate volumes upon Shakespeare, Jonson, and Chapman, he had published the famous essays on Ford and on Beaumont and Fletcher and a group of smaller studies which were collected under the title "The Age of Shakespeare" in 1908. A second series of critical essays, "Contemporaries of Shakespeare" (Heinemann), has now been published under the editorship of Edmund Gosse and T. J. Wise. The volume is made up in part of articles contributed long since to the *Fortnightly Review*, in part of posthumous and less valuable studies, and in large part of a welcome reprint of the "Study of Chapman," long out of print. Apart from this authoritative essay the most noteworthy chapter in the new collection is the article on Philip Massinger, "the most temperate, studious, and conscientious of the successors of Shakespeare." Swinburne seeks to place Massinger midway between the exaggerated praise by Hartley Coleridge and the depreciation by Leslie Stephen. The examination of Massinger's share in the Beaumont-Fletcher plays is in remarkable accord with the results attained by more technical methods of inquiry and well illustrates the almost unerring instinct for style which was Swinburne's greatest gift as a critic and of which other noteworthy examples might be cited from the monograph on Chapman. A certain extravagance of commendation, which grew upon Swinburne in his later years, renders the essay on Brome absurd and those on Davenport and on Nabbes almost unreadable. In a brief introduction Mr. Gosse makes the interesting suggestion that in the cycle of sonnets on the dramatists published in 1882 the scheme of Swinburne's dreamed-of "palace of Elizabethan criticism" may be traced. Mr. Gosse strangely undervalues Swinburne's article on Beaumont and Fletcher contributed to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

"IN past years," remarks Mr. J. George Frederick in the preface to his book on "Modern Salesmanagement" (Appleton), "a great deal of mysterious hocus-pocus has been made over salesmanship and salesmanagement. It has popularly been supposed to consist mainly of personal magic—certain inborn qualities and certain charms and powers of personality which constitute something of an individual secret—something that 'a man either has or hasn't got.'" To supply this lamentable deficiency in the organized knowledge of current business practice, the author has considered at length a number of typical problems which confront the salesman and the sales-manager. In the course of almost 400 loosely written pages a good many suggestions are made regarding price-making and price protection, methods of paying salesmen, standardizing the work of selling, and similar topics. For the business man who is too busy to think for himself, or even to read *System* or *Printer's Ink*, the book may possess value. But the author demonstrates his points in strange fashion. "To illustrate: if only three territory factors are selected, one will be rated at 49, perhaps another at 25, and another at 35, total 100."

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International Relations Section

Further Russian-British Notes

SUBSEQUENT notes in the series of communications between Russia and Great Britain published last week in the International Relations Section of *The Nation* are printed below. The first note, dated July 17, is in reply to the Allied ultimatum of July 11, received in Russia on July 12, and appeared as a dispatch from Moscow in the London *Herald* for July 22.

The Russian Soviet Government is the more pleased to acknowledge the declaration of the British Government of its desire to contribute to the establishment of a general peace in eastern Europe, as even quite recently, at the time when the complications between Russia and Poland were developing which led to the Polish advance against Russia and the Ukraine, the British Government unfortunately did not manifest the same desire to contribute to the cause of peace in eastern Europe. Earlier, also—namely, at the time when Soviet Russia was trying to obtain peace with the border states—the British Government did not support the attainment of this aim, and again when the Esthonian Government was preparing to conclude peace with Soviet Russia in December of last year it received a warning in the name of the Supreme Council.

The present change in the attitude of Great Britain on the question of peace between Soviet Russia and other states is in complete harmony with the wishes of Soviet Russia, whose desire to live in peace with all other states, to which reference is made in the last communication of the British Government, remains firm and unalterable.

Regarding Poland, likewise, in spite of the latter's wanton aggression against the Soviet Republic, Soviet Russia remains as faithful as before to the principles she has proclaimed so often, and to her earnest desire of establishing peaceful relations with all peoples.

The question, however, of the cessation of the armed struggle between Russia and Poland will be unfavorably influenced by the fact that on the part of the Polish Government there has been no direct declaration to the Soviet Government regarding its wish to conclude peace. Numerous utterances of representatives of the Polish people have come to the knowledge of the Soviet Government in which they express themselves in an extremely bitter sense as to the British Government's political action on this question, and information has been likewise published in the press as to a decision of the Polish Diet to reject the proposal of an armistice with Soviet Russia. The Soviet Government must, therefore, consider with some caution such proposals so far as they do not come directly from the government concerned and as long as the danger subsists that the attitude of the Polish Government will not correspond to the declarations of other governments which speak in its name.

The necessity of a direct communication from the Polish Government to the Soviet Government in this case is the more urgent as the past attitude of the British Government in the conflict between Poland and Russia can hardly be considered as a reason for assuming the role of mediator between these two governments.

If at the time when the Polish republic was preparing its wanton aggression against Russia and the Ukraine the British Government not only made no attempts at hindering this aggression, but even left without any answer the communication of the Soviet Government to the Entente Governments on this question; if at the time when the Polish offensive has had, as a result, military disaster for Poland, the British Government tries to assume the role of mediator in order to suspend the hostilities that have become so disastrous for Poland, the position which results for the British Government from this line of action is such that it deprives it of the role of an impartial third party which would alone render possible its mediation between the belligerents.

It is necessary to remind the British Government, likewise, that it has itself described the state created by the adoption by Russia of its memorandum of July 1 as a state of armistice, and that it has therefore described itself in this way as a belligerent waging war against Soviet Russia—a fact that can in no way create a normal basis for the recognition of its role of mediator between Soviet Russia and another belligerent.

Regarding the British Government, the Russian Government has in its answer to the memorandum of July 1 made an absolutely conciliatory declaration, including the acceptance of all the demands of the British Government. It has thus shown its anxious desire to remove completely all conflicts and to obtain a definite peace with Great Britain. It desires likewise to establish peace with Poland, and in the attainment of this aim it considers direct negotiations with Poland without any "immixion" from outside as necessary as direct negotiations with Great Britain in its relations with the latter.

The Soviet Government is the less inclined to accept the proposed mediation for the negotiations with Poland as the reconciliation with Poland (which it earnestly desires) can only be hampered in such a case, in view of the subordinate position which Poland's interest and fate, in comparison with interests foreign to Poland, are occupying in the domain of relations between Soviet Russia and a third Power.

With a frankness which can alone completely remove all misunderstandings between the two governments, the Soviet Government ventures to recall to the British Government that when one of its members defended in the House of Commons the help given to Denikin and Kolchak he justified this line of action of the Government by the argument that the struggle of Denikin and Kolchak against the Soviet Government presumably helped toward the defense of India and of British interests in Asia; in general, against the dangers which are alleged to threaten them.

Not long ago, when the head of the British Government was negotiating with the head of the Russian Trade Delegation regarding the resumption of trade relations, he referred to the relations between Russia and the numerous other states as to facts that can have some influence upon the commercial relations between Russia and Great Britain.

The Soviet Government is of opinion that reconciliation with Poland can be successfully accomplished only in case the interests of both parties are taken into consideration, seeing that these interests can easily be reconciled; and this aim will be, on the contrary, extremely hard to attain if these interests are subordinated to the interests of a third Power.

The laboring masses of Russia desire full and complete reconciliation with Poland, and in order to attain this aim the Soviet Government considers it necessary to remove from the action of reconciliation all that does not belong to the interests and desires of the two peoples and governments.

In the matter of reconciliation with Poland the Soviet Government finds it necessary to consider, besides the interests and desires of the Russian laboring masses, only the interests and desires of the Polish laboring masses, and it finds it therefore possible to attain peace with Poland only through direct negotiations with the latter.

It must also point out that it has already obtained, without foreign "immixion," complete reconciliation with three neighboring states, and that Esthonia has concluded peace with Russia in spite of the warning of the Supreme Council; that the treaty between Russia and Georgia has been, at the moment of the negotiations between the head of the Russian Trade Delegation and the head of the British Government, a complete surprise for the latter; and that the British Government was deprived of all information regarding the peace between Russia and Lithuania when, in its ultimatum of July 12, it pointed to

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Lithuania as to one of the border states with which Russia has still to obtain peace. The Soviet Government thinks that it can, with the same success, obtain peace with Poland through direct negotiations as it did with three other neighboring states.

The Soviet Government considers still less admissible the interference in the cause of peace between Russia and Poland of the group of governments called the League of Nations, whose covenant is quoted by the British Government in its ultimatum on July 12.

The Russian Government has never received from the so-called League of Nations any communication as to its creation and existence, and it has never had the opportunity of adopting a decision about the recognition or non-recognition of this association of states.

When acquainting itself from unofficial press sources with the covenant of the so-called League of Nations, the Soviet Government could not leave unnoticed the fact that, according to Article 17, the non-members in case of a conflict with members of the so-called League of Nations can be invited to submit to its decision as if they were members. The Soviet Government can in no way agree that one group of Powers should assume the role of supreme body over all the states of the world; and watching over the full inviolability of the sovereign rights of the Russian laboring people the Soviet Government absolutely rejects the pretensions of any foreign groups of Powers claiming to assume the role of supreme masters of the fate of other nations. It absolutely rejects, therefore, every "immixion" of this association in the cause of peace between Russia and Poland. Direct negotiations with Poland are in full harmony with the wishes of the Soviet Government, and it declares, therefore, that if the Polish Government addresses to Russia a proposal to enter into peace negotiations, the Soviet Government will not reject its proposal, and will also consider in the most friendly spirit any subsidiary proposal as to an armistice or some other means intended to facilitate peace negotiations.

The Soviet Government also expresses its willingness to agree to a territorial frontier more favorable for the Polish people than the frontiers indicated by the Supreme Council in December last, and proposed once more by the British Government in its ultimatum of July 12.

The Soviet Government cannot leave without notice the fact that this frontier was elaborated by the Supreme Council in some parts under the pressure of counter-revolutionary Russian elements, adherents of the Russian capitalist and landed class, and that, for example, as to the region of Kholm, the decision of the Supreme Council clearly reflected the influence of these counter-revolutionary elements and followed the wishes of the anti-Polish policy of the Czarist and Russian imperialist capitalist class on this question.

Soviet Russia is willing, in general, as to the peace conditions with Poland, to meet the wishes and interests of the Polish people the more fully, the more the Polish people in its internal life enter upon the path creating a solid basis for really fraternal relations between the laboring masses of Poland, Russia, Ukraine, White Russia, and Lithuania, and create guaranties that Poland will cease to be an instrument of aggression and intrigue against the workers and peasants of Soviet Russia and other countries.

As a separate proposal, the British Government has put forth the idea of an armistice between Russia and the mutinous ex-General Wrangel. The Soviet Government, however, cannot shut its eyes upon the indissoluble connection between the military operations of Wrangel, which were supported by the Entente Powers, and the Polish campaign against Russia and the Ukraine. This close connection found its expression in the negotiations and the military agreement between Wrangel and the representatives of the Polish Government.

Wrangel's offensive, which coincided with the advance of the Polish army in the Ukraine, was only a subsidiary military maneuver aiming at rendering more difficult the struggle of the Russian and Ukrainian troops against the Polish aggressor, and at facilitating the latter's task. The army and administration of Wrangel, being almost completely deprived of sources of revenue of their own, exist almost entirely with the financial help received from some Entente Powers.

His military operations are carried out exclusively with the help of the war material sent by these Powers. This war material is brought to him on British ships or from harbors under British occupation, and the proposal itself regarding Wrangel in the British ultimatum of July 12, in which the British Government decides for Wrangel that he will come to London for the discussion of the fate of his troops, shows with complete evidence that he is only a subordinate agent of the British Government and partly of its Allies.

The Soviet Government, in its wish to obtain peace with the British Government, and wishing to meet the latter's desires, confirms once more its willingness to guarantee personal safety to the mutinous ex-General Wrangel, to all persons belonging to his army, and to the refugees under his protection, on the condition of immediate and full capitulation and of surrender to the Soviet authorities of all the territory he occupies and of all the war material, stores, buildings, means of communication, and so on in his power on the same terms as was proposed by the Soviet Government with reference to the Northern Government of the ex-General Miller.

The Soviet Government cannot, however, remain indifferent to the repeated attempts of the British Government to transform the Crimean peninsula into an inviolable permanent asylum for the mutinous general and for other mutineers who in fact are the British Government's subordinate agents, and thus really to render the Crimean peninsula a British dependency. It is impossible not to mention that, at the time when the Archangel and the Murmansk region was in the same subordinate position to Britain, the British authorities ruled there unrestrained and acted as the Supreme Power, devastating the whole region, wasting its natural resources, and exporting to Britain as much as possible of its riches.

The bearer of the will and the representative of the interests of the Russian laboring people, the Soviet Government, cannot remain indifferent to any violation of its vital interests and of the inviolability of its territory, and it protests most strongly against the attempt of Great Britain to annex in fact the Crimean peninsula.

It must also be pointed out that the present proposal of the British Government is a violation of its preceding proposal, which became an obligation, after having been adopted by the Soviet Government, regarding the cessation of any help and support to ex-General Wrangel. The Soviet Government is, therefore, of opinion that the greatest possible concession on its part—a concession which is the outcome of its anxious desire to come to terms with the British Government—is its willingness to agree to the capitulation of the ex-General Wrangel and of his troops, with the guaranty of their personal safety.

The Soviet Government thinks that the proposal to convoke in London a conference of representatives of Russia, Poland, Lithuania, Latvia, and Finland is the outcome of insufficient information of the British Government as to the relations between the Russian republic and her neighbors. The peace treaty between Russia and Lithuania was signed on July 12, and the negotiations between Russia and Latvia, and Russia and Finland are being carried on independently without foreign interference, and their further continuance on the same lines is the best pledge of their successful result.

Being animated with the most earnest desire to put an end to all conflicts between Russia and Great Britain and to the struggle between them, and to obtain a definite peace with Great Britain, the Soviet Government rests its hopes upon the delegation which it sends to London, with additional members, for the purpose of carrying on negotiations with the British Government on the basis of the British memorandum of July 1, and of the reply of the Soviet Government of July 7, in order to obtain a full agreement with Great Britain. This aim will be

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attained the more successfully if all new and strange elements which can only do harm to the beginning of an improvement in the relations between Russia and Great Britain are kept aside.

(Signed) CHICHERIN, People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs

Lord Curzon's reply was dispatched on July 23.

His Majesty's Government have given their best consideration to the reply by the Soviet Government of Russia to their note of July 11. . . .

The Soviet Government has declared its readiness to consider in the most friendly spirit an armistice with Poland as a first step toward the establishment of a final peace. They have also declared their readiness to concede a frontier not less favorable to Poland than the ethnographical frontier originally suggested by the Supreme Council.

It is true they have accompanied these declarations with an expression of their strong objections to allowing the negotiations with regard either to the armistice or the peace to be entered upon by any governments but those representing Soviet Russia on the one side and Poland on the other.

This, however, is not a point on which his Majesty's Government have the least desire to insist, if the Soviet Government adhere to their objection. They only proposed that the conference should meet in London because they thought that it would bring Russia into relations with the Peace Conference, and so pave the way to a better understanding between Russia and the outer world.

What they desire is that the negotiations should be carried out in good faith, and without delay; that the frontier between Russia and Poland should correspond, as far as possible, to the wishes of the populations concerned; and that a permanent peace should be established between Poland and her eastern neighbor which would secure the cessation of hostilities and the abstention on the part of either nation from any interference in the internal policy of the other.

In order, therefore, to bring matters to a clear issue, the Polish Government have been urged by the Allies immediately to initiate negotiations for armistice and for peace.

If, however, despite a request for an armistice from the Polish Government, the Soviet armies continue to advance, the British Government and its Allies must necessarily assume that it is the intention of the Soviet Government to make war on the Polish people, and will, in conjunction with their Allies, give to Poland the assistance and support they have promised in that event.

Further, they must make it clear that the negotiations for the resumption of trade between Russia and the British Empire cannot be usefully pursued if Soviet Russia invades Poland, and they have, therefore, telegraphed to Messrs. Kamenev and Krassin to delay their departure from Reval until an armistice has been agreed to.

On July 24 the Soviet Government replied as follows:

The Soviet Government expresses its willingness to meet the desire of the British Government to convene a conference for the purpose of establishing a definite agreement between Russia and the Powers which participate in hostile actions against her or support such, and is of opinion that such a conference ought to be composed of representatives of Russia and of the leading Powers of the Entente.

The Soviet Government agrees that this conference should be called together in London.

It makes known at the same time to the British Government that orders have been given to the Russian military command to meet the Polish parliamentaires and to begin with them pourparlers relative to an armistice and peace.

The Soviet Government cannot refrain from expressing its astonishment at the demand of the British Government for the suspension of trade negotiations after the adoption by the Soviet Government of all its proposals which were the conditions for the opening of these negotiations, seeing [that none of these conditions have] been violated by the Soviet Government.

The latter thinks that the establishment of durable, peaceful, and friendly relations will be extremely difficult if agreements, once adopted, are violated on the following day, or left unheeded, or if conditions already accepted are, after the adoption of the agreement, supplemented by new and unexpected conditions not stipulated before.

The Soviet Government expresses the hope that the British Government will henceforth adhere immutably to the principles laid down in the British memorandum of July 1 and in the reply of the Soviet Government of July 7, and will abstain in future from any violations of this agreement or from adding to the latter new conditions not provided for therein.

The Soviet Government, for its part, strictly adhering to the declarations laid down in its note of July 17, expects that before the beginning of the above conference, the surrender of ex-General Wrangel and of his military force will have been carried through, on the conditions of securing personal safety to him, his adherents, and the fugitives under his protection, and of the transference to the Soviet power of all territory under his control, as well as of all war material, stores, means of communication, and vessels now in his hands.

From the Socialists of Siberia

THE joint conference at Vladivostok of the Socialist parties of eastern Siberia adopted the following appeal addressed to the workers of the world.

The toiling masses of Russia have had hard trials to go through. In the world war the Russian people have sacrificed more than any of the other belligerent peoples. The incapable, mercenary Czarist government, rotten to the very core, had brought the country to terrible ruin even before the Revolution. Then came the evils of two years of military intervention. . . .

The civil war, made possible by the fact of intervention, has brought our country to complete ruin. It has enveloped the great territory of Russia in fire, has almost completely destroyed our means of transportation, thereby thoroughly paralyzing our industries and creating a situation very menacing not only to us, but to all of you as well, since you are unable to obtain much that it has to offer and which is of great necessity to you—namely, food supplies for your peoples and raw materials for the rebuilding of your industries.

The Allied military intervention is nearing its end. Almost all the countries intervening have withdrawn their troops from Russia, declaring that they will no longer support the reactionary troops there. Though the declarations of your governments came rather late, since they were made after all the reactionary forces throughout Russia had suffered complete defeat, still it is better late than never. For now we have hopes that our country will be able to begin peaceful, constructive work.

We are highly appreciative of the great service that you have rendered us in this struggle. If the Russian counter-revolution and Allied intervention failed, it was not only due to the perseverance and heroism of our revolutionary people, who rose to the defense of their country, purged in the fire of revolution, but it was also due to the support which you lent us. . . .

There is, however, a corner in Russia where the end of our sufferings is not in sight and they threaten to assume a form unknown even in the history of our trials. Japan, having begun its intervention in Russia together with the other nations, is not only not following the example of its allies by withdrawing its troops from the territory of the Far East, but is even showing no intention of doing so. On the contrary, it is continuing to increase its forces here by landing military transports daily.

On January 31, 1920, the reactionary rule was overthrown in the Far East and a democratic provisional government was formed until the reunion with the rest of Russia could take place. The new government met with the solid support not only of all the Socialist parties and elements, but also of the bour-

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geois groups, who have finally reconciled themselves to the idea that there is no other road to the regeneration of this borderland than by rejoining central Soviet Russia. The Japanese diplomatic representatives and military authorities here have been pretending that they wish to keep up friendly relations with the new government.

However, on the night of April 4, a few hours after peaceful assurances were hypocritically made by the official representatives of Japan, the Japanese suddenly attacked our unsuspecting military forces throughout the Province from Vladivostok to Habarovsk. Without any declaration of war, without any warning, they began to shoot up and batter down the army barracks, murderously bayonetting the soldiers who were sleeping there. Having disarmed some of the troops and compelling the rest to withdraw to the hills, they began to make arrests among the peaceful population. Many of the unfortunates who fell into the clutches of the Japanese imperialists have had to go through the tortures of the Middle Ages. Peaceful citizens are being exposed to beatings and insults by Japanese soldiery. The trade unions and workers' organizations have been crushed. The conditions the Far East is going through at present cannot be compared with those of the most terrible war. In a state of war, laws, however severe, still exist; while the population of the Far East is not protected by any laws but is left entirely at the mercy of the Japanese military clique. Those who seem undesirable to the Japanese are declared by them to be Bolsheviki or Korean revolutionaries, which is synonymous with being outlawed. They are trying to explain away their atrocities by maintaining that the Russians were the ones who attacked them first. But this is a lie, and not only every Russian here is convinced of its being so, but every foreigner as well. They are putting in circulation this falsehood with an attempt to justify before the civilized world their treacherous and barbarous methods.

Life in the Far East is dying away completely. The railroads have not been functioning for many weeks, because the railwaymen are being terrorized, abused, and brutalized by the Japanese soldiers. The workers quit the factories and go to the hills. They go there to get away from the horrors that are reigning in the places occupied by the Japanese troops, and prefer death in an unequal fight to the affronts and insults that are awaiting them here.

We appeal to you, workers of the world! You have assisted us before in our struggles with the international intervention and reaction. You must help us to end our revolutionary fight victoriously. Japan sent her troops to Siberia together with the other interventionists. The governments of all those countries that participated in the intervention bear responsibility for the horrors that we are enduring here at the hands of Japan. Demand of your governments energetically to interfere and compel Japan to withdraw her troops, thus sparing the population of the Far East the terrors of the Middle Ages. . . .

We do not want war. We want to live and labor peacefully. We shall build our lives ourselves, as we see fit.

We aim to reunite with the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic and with you, workers of all countries!

The fate of the Russian Revolution shall reflect upon the fate of the world's democracy!

We expect an active, forceful response to our fraternal call to the workers of the world.

BUREAU OF ALL SOCIALIST ORGANIZATIONS OF THE FAR EAST
Vladivostok, May 9, 1920

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